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EDITED BY

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THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

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PREFACE.

THE following 'stories' have been written on the same lines as those laid down in the earlier books of this series. No special arrangement has been adopted. The object is to cultivate a taste for reading, and to relieve the sameness of ordinary reading books.

Nearly all the prose matter is original; the poetry cannot lay claim to this distinction, but then *poeta nascitur, non fit.*

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the little points below, but, to make 'assurance doubly sure,' and to prevent the possibility of misconception, teachers are reminded that,—

1. The meanings of the words given are in accordance with the context, of course.

2. The *ed* of the passive participle and past tense is not generally considered as a separate syllable.

3. Such word-endings as *tion*, *sion*, etc., are regarded as one syllable only.

W. T. G.

CAMBRIDGE. *Feb.* 1880.

CONTENTS.

STORIES FOR STANDARD III.

—o—

1. THE FIRST ENGLISH PRINTER.

art, trade, skill
Ab-bey, a kind of church
ap-pren-tice, one learning a trade
ben-e-fit, good
in-tro-duced, first brought in
mer-cer, a dealer in silks, woollen cloths, etc.
might-i-er, more powerful
mon-u-ments, something to remind us
mul-ti-plied, increased
re-mains, dead bodies
un-der-stand, know the meaning of
Weald, low country

beau-ti-ful	**cur-i-ous**	**im-prove-ments**	**pleas-ant**
bus-i-ness	**ed-u-ca-tion**	**ma-chine**	**re-ceiv-ing**
clum-sy	**ig-no-rant**	**pic-tures**	**West-min-ster**

Here is another new book full of pleasant stories and beautiful pictures. It must be a great pleasure to have plenty of nice books; but it is better to be able to read them, and better still to be able to understand what is in them. A few hundred years ago there were very few books in the world. We owe the thousands and millions of books we now possess to the art of *Printing*. Before reading any of the stories in this book, or looking at its pictures, let me tell you a little about the man who introduced printing into this country.

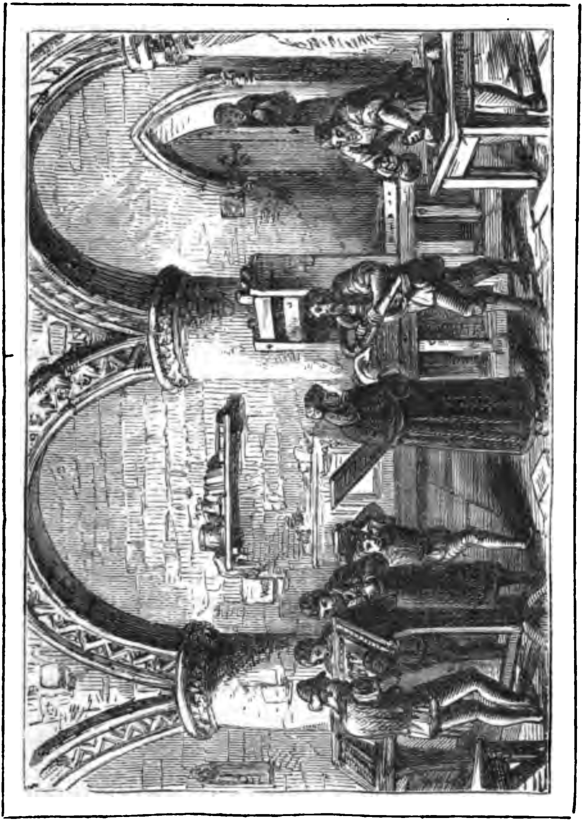
William Caxton has the honour of being the first English printer. He was born in the Weald

of Kent about the year 1412. After receiving a very fair education he was sent to London, where he was made an apprentice to a mercer who shortly afterwards became Lord Mayor of the city. Young Caxton gave strict attention to the business, and won the respect of his master. In 1442 he went to Holland, which at that time was called the Low Country. He was there some years, during which he learned the art of printing.

If you visit Westminster Abbey when you are in London, no doubt you will be shown that part of it known as the 'Poets' Corner.' You will find there a great number of marble monuments which have been raised to the memory of some of our greatest poets, whose remains lie buried in that part of the Abbey. It was in this very corner that William Caxton set up his first printing-press upon his return to England.

The press which Caxton used at first was a very clumsy one, and the sheets which he printed looked very strange with their curious black letters. He was as busy with his press as he had been at his trade when an apprentice boy years before; and as he lived until over eighty years of age, the list of books he printed in English and French is a large one.

There was not very much stir at the time about this wonderful art, for the people were too ignorant to know the value of books. Little did they think that Caxton was raising up a power in England that would never die. The quiet man, with his funny-looking machine, was creating a power which would scatter blessings to all parts of the world. Great improvements have been made in printing since those days; the books we



get now are much better and very much cheaper than books were even a hundred years ago.

How very thankful we ought to be to Caxton for bringing to this country the art of printing! Before that time all books had to be written and every picture drawn by the hand. You will readily see that books would be dear, and none but the rich could buy them. Now, however, the poorest child in England has better books than kings and princes had four hundred years ago. The printing-press has multiplied copies of books so rapidly that they have become very cheap: a beautiful book like this can be had for less than a shilling.

The art of printing has been a great benefit to the people of this country. Good and clever men have written books which have been printed off in great numbers, and read by thousands and tens of thousands. Books have made people wiser, and better, and happier. Books have made men laugh and weep, sorrow and rejoice, and work and suffer. Boys and girls do not know the mighty power which the printing-press has awakened. It has made kings tremble and great men bow before it. The pen and the press have proved themselves mightier than the sword. Their power to-day is greater than ever; and as long as men think and read, they will bless the name of William Caxton.

2. STORY OF A BANK NOTE.

cap-i-tal, chief town or city
cap-tors, those who seize or capture
civ-i-lized, refined, enlightened
dis-posed of, got rid of
gen-u-ine, good, real
o-ver-looked, passed by
re-lease, being set free
soiled, dirty
traced, wrote
vein, a blood-vessel

at-ten-tion	**cur-i-ous**	**mer-chant**	**suc-ceed-ed**
col-lec-tion	**im-pris-oned**	**pa-tience**	**val-u-a-ble**

Not long ago there lived in Paris, the capital of France, a man who spent a great portion of his time and wealth in collecting bank notes. His collection was very curious and interesting. He had bank notes from England and from Ireland, from Scotland and from Wales, from Italy and from Russia, from North America and from South America, from many parts of Asia and Africa, and, indeed, from nearly every civilized country in the world. Some of these were very valuable, and could be turned into money whenever he liked, but others had long since lost their money value, and were only worthless bits of paper except as a curiosity. Many of them were clean and new, but many were soiled and torn, as though they had been used thousands of times. If those notes could have spoken, I have no doubt they would have told us many a wonderful story. About one of these, in fact, there was a strange story, which I will now relate to you.

About sixty years ago this note, which was a Bank of England five-pound note, was paid to a

Liverpool merchant by a gentleman to whom he had sold some goods. His clerk, who first received the note, held it up to the light to see if it was a good one. You know that all genuine English bank notes have what is called the water-mark on them. He saw that it was a good one, but at the same time noticed some other marks which appeared to have been made with red ink. He called his master's attention to this, who soon found out that these red marks were parts of words that had been written on the note.

The writing was so faint that they had great difficulty in making out any whole words at all. At last, however, by patience they were able to read the following sentence: 'If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Long-hill, near Carlisle, he will know that his brother is a prisoner in Algiers.'

The merchant at once wrote off to Carlisle. He found that a Mr. John Dean did live there, and that a brother of his had left home several years before; but as they had never heard of him for ten or eleven years, his family and friends had thought he was dead. On receiving the letter Mr. Dean went to London to see if the King would help him in the matter. He now felt sure his brother was not dead, but that he was a prisoner in Algiers, and he thought that the King of England would help him to obtain his brother's liberty.

If you look at the map of Africa, you will see that Algiers is the capital of a large country called Algeria, in the north. For about fifty years it has belonged to the French. Before that time it had a king or ruler of its own called

a *Dey*, who often treated his own people very cruelly, and killed or imprisoned other people he found in his country.

Mr. Dean got the help he wished. The officers in the King's ships which were near Algiers were told to find out whether there was an English prisoner in the country, and if so, to do all they could to obtain his release. They succeeded in doing both, and in a few weeks Mr. Dean had the joy of having his brother restored to him.

You may be sure the poor man was glad to get back among his friends. And then came his story. He had been taken prisoner by the Dey of Algiers eleven years before, and been kept in one of the prisons from that time. One day when he was alone he cut a vein in his arm, and dipped a splinter of wood in the blood. With this he traced the words you have read on the bank note, which was the only paper he had, and which had been overlooked by his captors when they stripped him of his property. A few days after the note fell into the hands of the Dey, who disposed of it to some merchants.

Eleven years after that it was found in the Liverpool merchant's office, and led to the discovery and release of its former owner. I am sorry, however, to tell you that the poor man did not live many months afterwards, owing to the hardships and sufferings he had undergone whilst he had been a prisoner in Algiers.

3. LITTLE PARTICULAR.

a-nigh, near
bel-lows, roars
con-tent, satisfied
draughts, medicine
jeers, mocks
nau-seous, nasty
sneers, turns up his nose
sul-len, silent and angry

gru-el **grum-ble** **naught-y** **po-ta-toes** **pro-vides** **sweet-meats** **ter-ri-ble** **whole-some**

'Little Particular' stands by the gate;
Sulky and silent and sullen is he;
Don't go a-nigh him, boys, there let him wait.
When he is tired, he'll come in to tea.

'Little Particular' wants this and that,
Never content with what mother provides;
Can't eat a crust, and turns sulky at fat,
Wants jams, and biscuits, and sweetmeats besides.

Nice bread and butter the naughty boy sneers at;
Sweet bread and milk he spills all on the floor;
Good broth, and rice, and roast mutton he jeers at,
Bellows and cries, and then slams-to the door.

Children must learn to like plain, proper dishes,
Nice boiled potatoes and wholesome roast meat;
If they had nothing but cakes, jams, and jellies,
Soon would those things cease to be any treat.

Then would come doctor, and nurse with the
gruel,
Nauseous draughts, and grey, terrible pills;
Children who always are feasting and stuffing,
Quickly must learn to put up with such ills.

'Little Particular.' Ah! he looks sorry;
What does he say now his temper is o'er?
'Yes, dear mamma, you know best what is
proper;
Pardon your boy, and he'll grumble no more!'

From *Little Folks.*
By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

—o—

4. GRACE DARLING.

ap-peals, calls
at-tempt, try
crea-tures, people
ex-treme, far
per-formed, did
re-pre-sents, shows
swamped, filled with water
yield-ed, gave way

cour-age **ef-forts** **her-o-ine** **op-pos-ite**
daugh-ter **earn-est** **main-land** **ship-wrecked**

When a man or boy does anything that is very brave or noble, we call him *a hero;* when it is a woman or girl who acts in a brave or noble manner, we call her *a heroine.* It is not always the rich, the learned, the great, or the strong who are the heroes or heroines; many of the noblest deeds we have heard of have been done by the poor and the unknown. The picture on page 17 represents a man and his daughter,

who performed an act of courage which, about forty years ago, was talked about by nearly everybody in England and Scotland.

The name of the daughter was Grace Darling. She lived with her father in the lighthouse on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands. By looking at the map of England, you will see that these islands are opposite the coast of Northumberland, in the extreme north of the country, and very near the borders of Scotland. Here she spent a very lonely life, helping her father in trimming his lamps and in various other duties. It was very seldom that she visited the mainland, which was often the scene of terrible storms and wrecks in winter.

On the morning of the seventh of September 1838, the steamer *Forfarshire* was driven upon the rocks near these islands, and wrecked. Of the sixty-three persons on board at the time, many were drowned. The rest of the poor creatures clung to the rocks as well as they could. Every moment they expected to be washed off, for the wind was very violent, and the waves were mountains high.

From the lighthouse window Grace saw the wreck; in fact, she heard the screams of the poor people far above the raging of the storm. Their cries for help moved the heart of the brave girl, and she begged of her father to allow her to make an effort to save some of their lives. Her father replied that he had nothing but an open boat, that could not possibly live in such a sea. As the moments passed, the poor shipwrecked people were washed off the rocks and found a watery grave. This made Grace all the more earnest in her appeals to her father for help,



saying that if he would not go with her she would take out the boat herself.

At last her father yielded. He got the boat ready for sea, and then Grace and he each took an oar. Several times did they attempt to push off, but were driven back by the strong wind and waves. When at last the rocks were cleared, the sea was so rough that every moment they were in danger of being swamped. The brave girl would not give up, but spoke words of courage and comfort to her father until the wreck was reached.

By their united efforts and skill they were able to get nine persons into their boat and take them to the lighthouse. Care and attention soon restored them, and their lives were saved. The rest of the poor people, both passengers and crew, were drowned.

The courage and bravery shown by Grace Darling were soon made public, and became the talk of the whole nation. Honours, rewards, and thanks came to her from all parts of the country. Wherever she went, people treated her with the greatest kindness and respect, and many tempting offers came for her to dwell in other parts of the land. But besides being brave, she was a gentle, modest girl, and wished to live with her father in the old home. Indeed, she had not long to live. Four years afterwards she died, and her body now rests in the same graveyard as many of the poor people whom she tried to save on that fearful September day.

5. THE KITTEN AND THE LEAVES.

con-jur-or, one who plays tricks
feats, clever deeds
loft-y, high
prey, what is seized
to and fro, backwards and forwards
with-ered, dried up

be-yond **crouch-es** **danc-ing** **stretch-es**

Dancing, leaping to and fro,
What a pretty baby-show!
See the kitten on the wall
Sporting with the leaves that fall.

Withered leaves—one, two, and three—
From the lofty elder-tree!
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.

Bless the kitten! how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts,
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light, and just as yellow.

With a tiger-leap, half-way
Now she meets the coming prey;
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again.

Now she works with three or four,
Like a clever conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

6. PUNCTUALITY: A STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

a-pol-o-gy, excuse
at-tached, belonged
Con-gress, meeting or assembly
dif-fi-cult, hard
ex-act-ly, just
or-din-ar-y, usual
Pres-i-dent, chief officer
pro-fes-sion, business or calling
Sen-ate, the Congress
U-ni-ted States, country in N. America

ap-point-ment **en-gage-ments** **in-duced** **punct-u-al**
bus-i-ness **im-port-ance** **in-vit-ed** **suc-cess-ful**

Although the first word at the top of this page is rather a difficult one, there are not many boys or girls who do not know what it means. When we are at school every time at the right hour, when we do everything exactly at the right time, when we are true to all our engagements, then we are said to be *punctual*. If we get into habits of punctuality while we are young, it will help us to get on in life. People will learn to depend upon us, and when we make an appointment, they will know we shall keep it to the minute.

You may take it as a general rule, that boys and girls who are always late in whatever they do will never make successful men and women. Many a lad has missed his chance of rising in his trade or profession by not being punctual. His master could not depend upon him, and so some other lad has had to take his place. The following story of George Washington will show what importance he attached to punctuality.

When George Washington became President of the United States, he gave up nearly the whole of his time to business. He got through a great amount of work, and yet was never in a hurry. People used to wonder how it was that he could attend to so many things. The secret of it all was his punctuality.

When he fixed a time for any business, he would never wait a minute beyond the time appointed. If he promised to meet the Congress at noon, he would be at the door before the clock had finished striking twelve. In his own family he was just as punctual. When at home, he would dine at four o'clock each day, and dinner was served exactly at that hour. If he had invited any persons to dine with him, the dinner was not kept waiting a moment after four o'clock, whether they had arrived or not. Sometimes a friend would come just as dinner was over. Washington never made any apology, but quietly said, 'We are punctual here;' so the friend would get no dinner.

One day he wanted to buy a pair of horses. A stranger called at his office to say that he had the finest horses in the country to sell. 'Very well,' said Washington, 'if I like them after I have seen them, I will buy them from you.' The stranger offered to bring the horses to his house at any time he liked to name. Washington said he would be ready to see them at five o'clock the next morning.

Just as the clock was striking five next morning, Washington came out of his house into the grounds to see the horses. The horses were not to be seen; the stranger was late. At a quarter past five, however, the man drove into

the yard, but Washington was gone. His chance of selling the horses was gone too; neither could Washington afterwards be induced to deal with the man who was a quarter of an hour late.

The same order and punctuality attended this great man through the whole of his life. Whether at home or abroad, on the battle-field or in the Senate, with his friends or among strangers, he was always in his place at the appointed time, ready to perform the duty that lay before him. His friends and servants, who were about him daily, tell us that by his punctuality he was able to do nearly as much as four ordinary men, without being tired or worn out.

George Washington is not the only person who has reaped advantage from being punctual. It would be well if all the boys and girls of this school would strive to imitate him in this particular.

Some time ago a boy, who came very often late to school, was shamed out of his evil practice. One morning as he came into school half an hour late, his master said slyly,

'The cow has a tail, but it's always behind;
How much like the tail poor Joseph we find!'

The boys set up a loud laugh, and called Joseph the 'Cow's tail'; but it cured him, he was never late again. Let there be no 'cows' tails' in this school, and, depend upon it, teachers and scholars will be all the happier.

7. A BOAT SONG.

bark, a small ship
bounds, leaps over the waves
chase, speed
gale, strong wind
hoar-y, white
lands-man, one who lives on land
per-ils, exposes to danger
quail, be afraid
si-roc, a storm of hot wind
surge, a great rolling swell of water

fear-less **o-cean** **ves-sel** **waves**

The morn shines bright,
And the bark bounds light
As the stag bounds o'er the lea;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again;
We make a track
On the Ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.

Fearless we face
The storm in its chase,
When the dark clouds fly before it;
And meet the shock
Of the fierce siroc,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

The landsman may quail
At the shout of the gale,
Which perils the sailor's joy;
But wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves,
Is the lot of the sailor boy.

SIR E. B. LYTTON.

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8. THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

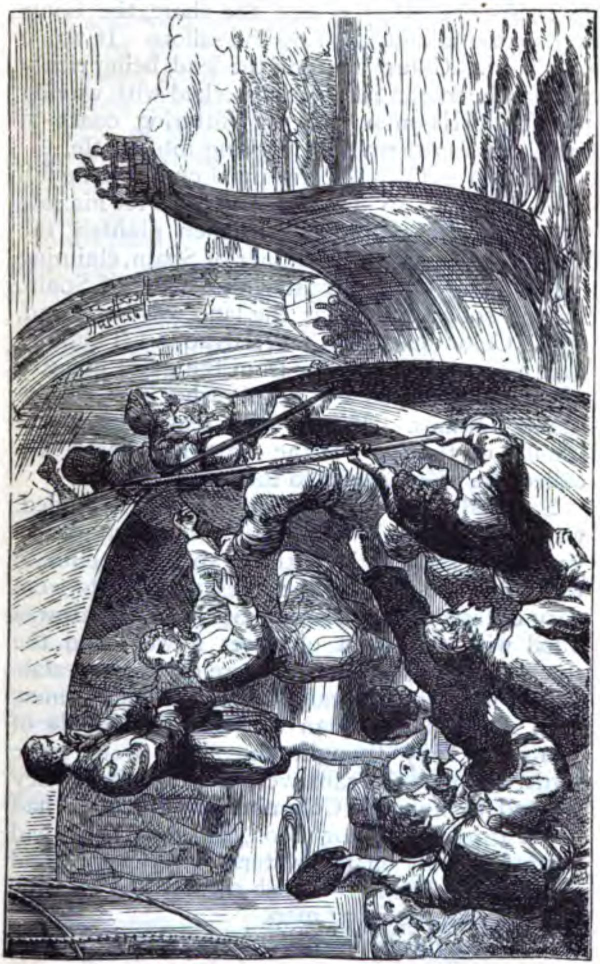
balm-y, soft and mild
crys-tal, like ice or clear glass
dis-cov-er-ing, first finding out
fleet, a number of ships
mail, armour
manned, filled with men
plumes, feathers
re-pre-sents, shows
Span-i-ards, natives of Spain
un-furled, unfolded

cli-mate	**con-ti-nent**	**dwell-ing**	**hand-some**
cred-it	**dif-fe-rent**	**glit-ter-ing**	**voy-age**

There are but few people now living who have not either relatives or friends in America. Our fastest ships could take us over to the nearest part of it in a little more than a week. Yet, four hundred years ago, the country was not known to the people dwelling in Europe. The credit of discovering America is generally given to Christopher Columbus. This picture represents his first landing on one of the islands off the coast of North America.

For five weeks Columbus with his fleet had been sailing through unknown seas. His three small ships, called the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*, were manned by one hundred and twenty men. It would be too long a story to tell of all the dangers they passed through during those five weeks, of their hopes and fears, and of the difficult task Columbus had in dealing with his men. For the greater part of the voyage they saw no land, nor had they spoken to a single vessel.

On Friday, the 12th of October 1492, land was seen ahead, and their hearts were filled with



joy. As the ships neared the shore, the boats were lowered and filled by the sailors. It was a gay sight. Columbus took the lead, being richly dressed in scarlet robes, and decked with waving plumes. His men had on glittering coats of mail, and were armed as if going into battle.

As soon as Columbus stepped on shore, he fell upon his knees to give thanks to God for his safe and successful voyage. He then planted the Cross and unfurled the banner of Spain, claiming the country for his master, the King of Spain. It was soon found that the land was an island, which Columbus called San Salvador. Thinking that he could not be far from the great country of India, he called the people who lived on the island *Indians*. This is the reason that the islands on that part of the coast of America are called the *West Indies* to this day.

San Salvador, where Columbus first landed, was one of the Bahama Islands, which group you will easily find on the map. The climate was mild and sunny; the trees and plants were very different from those of Spain. The air was filled with the scent of sweet flowers and the songs of birds; the waters were clear as crystal.

The natives were tall, strong, handsome men, with skins darker than those of the people of Europe. They thought the ships were large birds, and that the sails were their wings. They wanted to know if Columbus and his men had come from the sun or moon, and how they had alighted safely on the water. They were timid and peaceful, and seemed pleased to see the strange white-looking men.

The Spaniards were delighted with the new country. The air was so balmy, the flowers,

fruits, and trees so strange, yet so beautiful, that it seemed to them like the garden of Eden. You cannot wonder at their delight, after spending nearly six weeks on the sea without even the sight of land. But they could not remain long on the island; Columbus had to take back the tidings to Spain. He treated the natives kindly, and taught his men to do so.

Since that time nearly every part of that great continent, including North and South America, has been visited by people from Europe. Thousands of families have settled in various parts, but the power of Spain has long since given way to that of England.

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9. THE ADVENTURES OF A NEEDLE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

ad-ven-tures, what has happened to
as-sist-ance, help
bust-ling, active
con-sid-ered, thought to be
e-nor-mous, very large
griev-ous, hard to bear
man-u-fac-tured, made
ma-ter-i-als, what anything is made of
pre-fer, would rather choose
pre-vi-ous, the one before
pur-chased, bought
re-late, tell

fac-tor-y	**man-aged**	**pol-ished**	**sew-ing**
ge-o-graph-y	**or-din-a-ry**	**puz-zle**	**straight-ened**
ma-chin-er-y	**pin-a-fores**	**re-mark-a-bly**	**sur-prised**

I am a very little thing, and have but one eye; however, I have seen a great deal more with my one eye than many of you have with two, be-

cause I have always kept it open. I have had a busy, bustling life, and when I relate my adventures, you will not be surprised that I have only one eye, and will wonder how I have managed to keep that.

The material from which I was made lay for ages buried in the earth under the name of *iron*. But men dug deep down into the earth and found it, or I should not have been here now. The iron was mixed with something else, and made into steel. Had I been made of pure iron, you would not have found me of so much service to you in your needlework. The steel was made into large, heavy bars, and the wire-drawer by some means pulled it out into long thin pieces, and called it *steel-wire*. I do not pretend to know any geography, but I daresay all this was done in a large smoky town somewhere—very likely in Sheffield. You should have heard the noise of hammers and machinery there! And had you seen how the steel was beaten, and hammered, and rolled, you would have concluded there would not be enough of it left to make even a needle.

After being manufactured, the wire was purchased by the needle-maker, and in his factory I was made as you see me now. I had to be cut the proper length, and ground to a point on an enormous stone wheel. Then my one precious eye was made for me, and I was straightened, smoothed, scoured, and cleaned. Then some boys and girls polished me and a number of others, and packed us in papers ready for sale.

The papers were each numbered, to tell what size we were. I am a number seven, which is considered a very useful size for all ordinary work.

I was then purchased, amongst many others, by a linen-draper for a large shop in London. Here I lay for a long time, until one day a clean, smart-looking little girl came in for 'a packet of sevens,' and my packet was given to her. The home I was taken to by her was a very poor one, but exceedingly neat and clean. I found out it was the eldest girl of the family who had bought me from the draper's. There were four other children younger than herself, and she used me to mend their clothes as well as her own. Their clothes were very poor ones, yet the children always had a clean, tidy appearance, for their clothing was neatly mended and washed, and they themselves kept remarkably clean.

I was well taken care of in this home, and always put away in a little needle-case after being used.

One day I was given to one of the younger children to take to school with her needlework. It was a wonderful place was that school to me, for I had never been inside one before. It would puzzle me to tell how many girls there were, but they were every one using needles, making all kinds of articles of clothing. There were babies' frocks and pinafores, shirts, nightgowns, and a most charming piece of patchwork. But I was almost frightened to death, when I saw some tiny girls in the lowest class with needles bigger than myself in their hands, trying to sew. I was afraid they might push them into their hands, or perhaps swallow them, and I wondered who had given them to them.

Coming out of school, my owner lost me, and there I lay on the cold floor of the playground until next morning, when another girl picked

me up, stuck me in her pinafore, and carried me home.

But oh, what a different home from the previous one I had lived in! The house was untidy, the children were dirty, their clothes were in rags, and I had to lie still and rust, because no one would use me. It was very grievous to see pins stuck into the clothes, and scratching the children, when I could have made everything so neat, if some one had taken the trouble to use me. I have very great respect for my friend the pin, but, though I am glad of his assistance sometimes, I prefer to do my own work. There is my friend the thimble, too. He makes me go whether I will or not, but I own I could not get on so well without him. And so it is in life, girls, we have each to help the other,—each our own part to play. You know the sewing would never get done if I wanted to be where the pin was, and the pin where I was, while the thimble insisted that we should be where he was. You see we each mind our own business, and that's the way the work gets done. Just so, if every one wished to do the same thing, the world would not get on at all. But if we each stick to our own duty, and do it well, there will not be much to quarrel about. Snap! I was afraid I should get broken at last. So good-bye, my young friends.

E. M. G.

10. A PAGE OF PROVERBS.

1. False friends are worse than open enemies.
2. A quiet conscience sleeps through thunder.
3. Work ill done must be twice done.
4. Everybody's business is nobody's business.
5. Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.
6. A little leak will sink a big ship.
7. Two wrongs do not make a right.
8. Handsome is that handsome does.
9. If you want a thing well done, do it yourself.
10. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
11. Out of debt, out of danger.
12. He that goes borrowing, goes sorrowing.
13. Short reckonings make long friends.
14. He lives long who lives well.
15. He who would thrive must rise at five;
    He who has thriven may lie till seven.
16. It is a long lane that has no turning.
17. Fine clothes do not make the gentleman.
18. What man has done, man can do.
19. All is not gold that glitters.
20. Cut your coat according to your cloth.
21. Never cry over spilt milk.
22. None are so blind as those who will not see.
23. A contented mind is a continual feast.
24. Do not put all your eggs in one basket.
25. A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
26. Cats in mittens catch no mice.
27. One tale is good till another is told.
28. He gives twice who gives quickly.
29. Constant dropping wears away a stone.
30. After dinner rest awhile, after supper walk a mile.

11. LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

a-corns, seeds of the oak
bask, to enjoy ease
bea-con, a notice of danger
dang-ling, hanging loosely
ge-ni-al, cheerful
la-dle, a dish with a handle
lea, a field
mon-i-to-ry, a thing to remind
parch-ing, drying up
ran-dom, careless, haphazard
scoop'd, hollowed out
tran-si-to-ry, fleeting

boughs	**is-sue**	**strewed**	**trav-ell-er**
breathe	**sprout-ed**	**thronged**	**un-stud-ied**

A traveller through a dusty road
  Strew'd acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore ;—
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
  Where weary men might turn.
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink,—

He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again,—and lo! the well,
  By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
  'Twas old, and yet 'twas new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great,
  A watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown,
  And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—
  A transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last.

DR. MACKAY. *By permission.*

12. A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Cey-lon, an island to the south of India
con-flict, fight
hood, covering for the head
mus-ter-ing, collecting
pre-vi-ous, the one before
re-gard-ed, looked upon
sheath, a case
stout, strong

al-lowed **ex-ceed-ing-ly** **fierce** **growled** **leop-ard** **moun-tains** **pan-ther** **tramp-ling**

The animal in this picture is called a panther. You may notice that it is very much like a tiger, but has much shorter ears. It is perhaps most like the leopard; and, like both the animals just named, it is very fierce and very strong. From the tip of the nose to the end of its tail, a full-grown panther will measure about nine feet.

This animal is found in several parts of India and Ceylon. It is also found in many parts of Africa, where it is regarded by some of the poor natives as a sacred animal, and, as such, not allowed to be killed. If you have ever been to the Zoo and seen a panther, you would feel glad that strong iron bars were between you. Those who have not seen one, will learn from the following story that it is by no means a pleasant thing to have one of these animals too near.

A hunter was returning from the mountains one evening, when a panther met him. She sprang out from behind a rock, and came leaping towards him at great speed. He had just time to take aim at her and fire one shot, when she fell upon him and threw him to the ground.

They both rolled over together among the bushes, his gun slipping out of his hand.

He knew it would be useless to try to reach his gun, for she was trampling him under her feet, and tearing him with her feet and claws. His shot had struck her in the neck, and the pain had made her exceedingly savage. She growled and roared with rage, and rolled him over on the ground as if she would kill him.



He was dressed in a stout leather hunting coat and hood, which no doubt saved him from being severely wounded, if not from being killed outright. Besides his gun, he was armed with a long, sharp hunting-knife, which at that moment was in a sheath by his side. If he could only get a chance to use it, the fight might not be so unequal after all.

As the fight went on, she seized his left arm in her teeth, and rolled him over once more, but this time so that he could draw the knife with his right hand. It was an anxious moment. Mustering all the strength he had, in a moment he plunged the knife to her heart, and all was over. She fell down by his side, and never moved again.

The hunter went home, bound up his wounded arm, and got a good night's rest. In the morning he found himself very little the worse for that terrible conflict. Going to the scene of battle, he saw the dead panther lying just as he had left her the previous night. He took away the skin, which was a very beautiful one; and whenever he afterwards showed it to his friends, he would tell them the story of his fight for life.

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13. NEVER LOOK SAD.

ac-quired, got into, gained
cul-ti-vate, improve and increase
dis-con-tent-ed, never satisfied
dis-grace, cause of shame
hes-i-ta-ted, was in doubt
in-dus-tri-ous, diligent in work
re-fer to, mean
re-quir-ing, needing
sta-tutes, hiring-fairs
suit-a-ble, fit, proper

beau-ti-ful	**laugh-ing**	**oc-ca-sion**	**vex-a-tion**
char-ac-ter	**med-i-cine**	**pro-fit-ed**	**weighed**

Some people go about the world with a face as long as a fiddle. If you meet them morning, noon, or night, it is just the same: they seem as if the cares of a whole state weighed them down, or as if they had the national debt on their backs.

You ask if anything is the matter, and find there is not; and then you wonder how these people can go through the world, without a smile or a laugh, from day to day.

Now, when misfortune comes to a man, or when some heavy cloud of sorrow darkens his sky, we do not wonder that he should look sad. When a boy is in disgrace at school, it is right, too, that for a time *he* should look sad. But when our lesson says, 'Never look sad,' it does not refer to cases like these. It just means that we are to look cheerful and happy, to try to brighten up the faces around us, and to make everybody feel that we live in sunshine and not in cloud.

Depend upon it, boys and girls, a good laugh is worth two bottles of medicine any day. Not that we are to be always laughing; not that we are to laugh when we are at work, nor to laugh when there is nothing to laugh at. No; but to cultivate this happy and cheerful temper, which will show itself in our faces, and then, when there is occasion for it, our laugh will be hearty and loud.

In some parts of England there are *statutes* or fairs, held every year, where servants are hired. Here masters and servants meet and make their bargains. Masters or mistresses requiring servants go to these fairs, where they meet male and female servants on the look-out for new places. The servants generally stand about in the market-place or corn exchange, dressed in their best clothes, and putting on their best manners. In and out of the crowd you may see farmers or their wives walking about, looking for such servants as are likely to suit them.

One day a farmer and his wife were looking for a clean, tidy, industrious girl, who could do the work of the kitchen, and who would be willing to make herself useful. They found one at last, who had a good character from her late mistress. She could milk the cows, make butter and cheese, and feed the pigs and poultry, besides doing all the work that was to be done in the kitchen.

As she had lived in a farmer's house all her life, she seemed to be the very girl they wanted. The mistress wished to engage her at once, but the farmer hesitated for some time. 'She seems a good, clever, industrious girl,' said he; 'she is clean and tidy in her dress and appearance, but I don't like her face. She looks sad and sorrowful; and if she speaks as she looks, I could never endure to live with her.'

So he went back to ask her a few questions. He asked her if she had passed through some great sorrow, such as losing her father or mother, or some dear friend. He asked her if she had been sick, or if she were very poor. But he found the girl had nothing to make her unhappy. She had health, strength, home, friends, and all the comforts of life that she could desire, but had acquired the habit of wearing a sad, discontented look.

The farmer asked her if she could sing. When she told him she could not, he said, 'You had better learn, then. A sad face means a sad tongue, and a sad tongue means a sad heart. You are a suitable girl for us in every respect but one; but if you will promise to try to wear a cheerful face, and sometimes smile, I will find you a very happy home.'

The girl took all this in good part, and went into the farmer's service. The farmer himself was always merry and cheerful, and she profited by his example and good advice. She soon learnt to sing and smile, and her temper became sunny and joyous and hopeful.

Now, boys and girls, mind what sort of a face you wear. You will never be truly beautiful until you learn to wear a cheerful smile. Cheerful looks are worth more than fine clothes, and cost a great deal less; they will last much longer; and while they make you happy, they will please everybody around you.

Never look sad, boys, never look sad,—
There's nought in this world looks half so bad;
If care and vexation should tempt you to sorrow,
Just tell them to stand aside till the morrow.

Never look sad, girls, never look sad,—
There's plenty of joy in this world to be had;
Keep a right cheerful smile, and if this is the rule,
You'll be happy through life as well as at school.

14. FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

1. Chimneys were first introduced into England in the year 1200.
2. Magic lanterns invented by Roger Bacon in 1252.
3. Lifeboats first used in the year 1802.
4. Spectacles invented by Spina, a monk, in 1299.
5. Pins were brought from France in 1543.
6. Post-offices first established in England in 1581.
7. There are more than 200 bones in a human body.
8. The head has no less than seventy-seven muscles.
9. A man is taller in the morning than at night.
10. Human blood contains, at least, forty different substances.
11. The lungs of a big man can hold twenty-eight pints of air.
12. The more pure air we breathe, the better our blood will be.
13. There are more than a thousand millions of people in the world.
14. The earth is more than 90,000,000 miles distant from the sun.
15. The moon moves at the rate of more than 2000 miles an hour.
16. The sun is more than a million times the size of the earth.
17. It would take you 171 years to get to the sun, travelling a mile a minute.
18. Light travels from the sun to us in less than eight minutes.

15. THE CHILDREN'S WISHES.

a-down, down on
cher-ish, care for
har-bin-ger, forerunner
sol-i-tude, being alone
stream-let, little stream
ta-per, a small wax light

ad-mir-ing **crest-ed** **mod-est** **re-joic-ing**
com-et **gal-lant** **Ni-ag-ar-a** **spark-le**

BROTHER.

I wish I were a comet,
To sparkle in the sky,
And have the looks of all the world
Admiring me on high.

SISTER.

I'd rather be a taper,
To cheer the winter night,
And shine on happy faces,
Rejoicing in my light.

BROTHER.

I wish I were Niagara,
Adown the rocks to roar,
And have my glorious waters
With rainbows crested o'er.

SISTER.

I'd rather be a streamlet,
To ripple through the wood,
And cherish the sweet flowers
That deck my solitude.

BROTHER.

I wish I were an oak tree,
To lift my awful form
Against the winds of winter,
And battle with the storm.

SISTER.

I'd rather be a snowdrop,
The pretty, modest thing
That always brings good news to us,
Sweet harbinger of spring!

BROTHER.

I wish I were a stout ship,
Across the sea to go,
And bear Britannia's thunders
Against a gallant foe.

SISTER.

I'd rather be a lifeboat,
To ride the stormy wave:
It may be glory to destroy,
'Tis happiness to save.

MOTHER.

Right, my daughter, and my son;
Though man abroad may roam,
While woman's quiet duties
Are better learnt at home;
This truth, my dearest children,
On memory ever bind:
None but the good and useful
True greatness ever find.

16. EARLY RISING.

PART I.

a-bil-i-ties, powers of the mind
ac-quired, got into
ad-vant-age, gain, profit
anx-ious, eager
at-tempt, try
boy-hood, whilst a boy
con-firmed, fixed, settled
dif-fi-cul-ty, something hard to be done
grate-ful-ly, thankfully
know-ledge, learning
lim-it-ed means, not having much money
per-se-vered, kept on trying

cer-tain-ly **dif-fer-ent** **e-nough** **im-port-ant**
clev-er-er **ed-u-ca-tion** **en-cour-aged** **im-prove-ment**

George and Henry were two boys about the same age, who lived in the same village, and went to the same school. Each was the son of poor but honest parents, who tried to do the best they could for their children with the limited means they possessed. These two boys were so much together, that strangers would take them for brothers, although they were not related to each other. And, indeed, in many respects they were very much alike, but in one very important matter they were as different as could be.

George was an early riser; Henry was not. Winter and summer, George was up before his father went out to work, early in the morning. Winter and summer, Henry lay in bed until the very last minute, and it was with difficulty that he could reach school soon enough in the morning to be in time. In fact, he hardly ever would have been in time, if George, who had a much longer distance to walk to school, had not

been at his door, knocking long enough before he was ready.

Now, of these two boys, Henry was certainly the cleverer. He had better natural abilities than George, and, if he had improved them to the utmost, he would no doubt have been much higher in the school than his friend. As it was, they were both in the same class, but poor George had to give all his early mornings to his lessons, in order to keep up with the rest. That, however, was not the only advantage he reaped by early rising, as you will learn from the rest of the story. He acquired a habit which was of great service to him through life, and which was the means of giving him a help in the world.

About the age of thirteen these boys left school, and were sent to work in the same iron foundry, in a town close by. As this took place some fifty years ago, you may be sure these boys had not received a very first-rate education. They could read well, write fairly, knew some little of accounts, and that was about all. George was very anxious to learn more if he could, and was sorry to be taken away from school; Henry was delighted to go to work, and didn't seem to care if he never opened a book again.

They found working in the foundry a very different thing from going to school. They were obliged to begin at six o'clock in the morning, and to work hard all day. The first part of this was very easy to George, but to Henry it was a most difficult thing. He was late again and again. But they had a very short and easy method of dealing with him at the works: when he was late, they would stop a few ·nce out of his wages, so that poor Henry

would often have less money to take home on the Saturday evening than he ought to have had.

Both boys were so tired with the regular work of each day, that it was almost useless to attempt to read a book. They would almost fall asleep over their evening meal. Boys used to work much harder and longer in those days than they do now,—at least, some boys did. This having no time for their own improvement did not trouble Henry, but to George it was a great grief. He wished to improve his mind and increase his knowledge.

After they had been working a few months, George said to himself one day, 'This will never do; I *must* get time for reading and study. When I was at school, I used to get up two hours before breakfast; why cannot I get up now two hours before I go to work?' 'Two hours every day,' said he, 'will be twelve hours every week, without touching Sunday. I ought to be able to do something with that.'

Acting upon this thought, George persevered in getting up two hours earlier every day for a year. In the bitter cold winter he found it hard work, but he was much encouraged by the progress he made in his studies. His late master at the village school kindly offered to help him as much as he could. This was glorious news to George, who availed himself of the offer very gratefully.

Several years passed in this way; the boys grew into young men, and were still employed in the same firm. Their wages had been raised, of course, many times, but their position was pretty much about the same. You might have thought George's early rising had been but of

little service to him, for his lot in life was just the same as Henry's still,—he worked as hard, and received as little money. But you would have been greatly mistaken. During these years the former had continued his daily habit of rising two hours before going to work, and making diligent use of them; the latter, true to the practice of his boyhood, had become more and more confirmed in the habit of lying in bed. What these habits worked in them and did for them, you shall learn in Part II.

'Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,'
Is a very old proverb, and very good rule,
For men or for boys, at work or in school.

Take the advice, you will find it the best,
Be up with the lark, and early to rest;
Work with a will at lessons or play,
And rightly improve every hour of the day.

You may not, perchance, be sure to get wealth,
But blessings much greater are knowledge and
health;
In these the true force of the old proverb lies,
So act then upon it and show yourselves wise.



17. EARLY RISING.

PART II.

as-sist-ed, helped
as-ton-ish, surprise
grim-y, dirty
hith-er-to, up to the present time
in-do-lence, laziness
men-tioned, named
op-por-tun-i-ty, chance
punc-tu-al-i-ty, being in time
qual-i-fied, fitted
re-quired, wanted
trust-worth-y, fit to be trusted
va-can-cy, a place to fill

ac-quired **dil-i-gence** **em-ploy-ment** **in-dus-try** **la-bour-ing** **list-ened** **sit-u-a-tion** **val-u-a-ble**

'George,' said the head of the firm to him one day, 'have you had much schooling? I am afraid you have not, for it is about eight years since you came to the works, and you must have been rather young at that time. Now, I have watched you pretty closely these eight years, although you have not known it, and I have been very much pleased with your general conduct and industry, and especially with your punctuality. There has just occurred a vacancy in the office, and there is no one I should like so much to fill it as yourself, if you had only had the advantage oı a better education.'

'Well, sir,' said George, when he had an opportunity to say a word, 'it is very kind of you to think of me, even if I should not be qualified to fill the vacant situation. Whatever position I have in these works, I shall try to do my duty, and serve you well. But, may I ask,

sir, what is required of the person who has to fill this office?'

'Well, you see,' said his master, 'I am rather sorry now that I mentioned it to you, for it is hardly to be expected that you should know anything of these matters. The post I want to fill up is an important one. The man who fills it must be very trustworthy,—but I'm sure you would do in that respect; he must know something of accounts, as he will have to assist in keeping the books; and, as we deal very largely with various parts of France, he ought to have a sufficient knowledge of the French language to look over, and sometimes answer, the letters from that country.'

'If no more than that is required,' said George, 'I think I should like to try and serve you in the office rather than in the foundry. I don't like to boast about myself, but I think I could do the work you mention.' 'Why, George,' said the gentleman, 'you astonish me. How have you had the opportunity of learning book-keeping or French? Where have you found time to study these subjects?'

George then told how he had taken the hours out of his mornings' rest, how he had struggled and persevered, how the master of the village school had kindly assisted him, and how, by diligence and determination, he had acquired a knowledge of other subjects besides the two just mentioned. The master was delighted as he listened, and thought more of his servant than ever.

'Next Monday, then, you shall make a start in this new situation. Instead of working with your *coat off*, from six in the morning to six at night, you will be in the office, with your *coat on*,

from nine to five. Your wages, of course, will be in keeping with the position. Instead of receiving twenty-five shillings a week, as you have done hitherto, you will receive fifty shillings to commence with, which sum shall be increased if I see you are really valuable to me; and no one will rejoice more than I shall, if you are successful and rise still higher in the firm.'

When George reached home that evening, he scarcely knew whether he was on his head or his heels. To think that next Monday he would cast aside, perhaps for ever, his black, grimy suit, and go down to the office in his Sunday best; that his wages were at one stroke *doubled;* that every day's work would be shortened by three hours in the morning and one in the evening! All this was enough to turn his wits for the moment.

George was just as diligent in his new employment as he had been in the old. He was able to do the work allotted to him; he gained the respect of his fellow-clerks, and the increased confidence of his employer. Step by step he rose in the firm, until at last he was received as a partner. He is now a rich man, and is the sole owner of the large iron-works where he once worked as a labouring boy. He has continued his habit of early rising up to this day; and to this habit he attributes a great deal of his success in business, and the excellent health he still enjoys.

And now, what about the other boy? He is still at the same works, *but not as a master.* He is but little better off than he was when we last mentioned him. His habit of indolence had increased, and at last quite overcame him. In-

stead of improving his precious moments, he slept or trifled them away. It was as though he had made up his mind to toil and drudge all through life.

When George became master of the works, he did not forget the days when he and Henry were companions together. He felt sorry that his old friend had not risen in life, but he also knew the main cause. He improved Henry's position as much as he could, and raised his wages for the sake of old times, but he could never offer him any situation that required mental ability and trust.

Early rising tends not only to our success in life, but to lengthen our lives. A magistrate some time ago determined to put a series of questions to every old man that was brought before him. Some of these questions were very strange, and some of the answers were very strange too. Scarcely any two of them were alike. Some had taken strong drinks in early life, and some had not; some were smokers, and some were not; some had been well off, and some had always been poor. But in one thing they all agreed,—*they had all been early risers.* How much of their long lives was owing to this fact, we cannot tell.

18. I REMEMBER.

borne, carried
child-ish, like a child
ig-nor-ance, knowing little
heav-y, sad
lab-urn-um, a tree bearing yellow flowers
li-lac, a shrub with perfume like a lily
peep-ing, looking quietly
re-mem-ber, cannot forget
slen-der, thin
spir-it, state of mind

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
 But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

T. HOOD.

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19. A SEA FIGHT.

con-voy, armed vessels to protect others
day-break, dawn, very early in the morning
dun-geon, a close, dark prison
sight-ed, saw
tars, sailors
val-our, bravery

at-tacked	**oc-ca-sion**	**scarce-ly**	**ves-sels**
en-e-mies	**rig-ging**	**ter-ri-ble**	**vic-to-ry**

About a hundred years ago this country was at war with France. No French or British ship dare cross the sea alone. Vessels had to go in fleets, or large numbers, and were attended by ships of war to protect them.

These men-of-war were large wooden ships, armed with cannon, and manned by soldiers and sailors, who were ever ready to defend the ships under their care. On one occasion a British convoy was attacked by the French, who were more numerous and better armed than the British.

The ships sighted each other at daybreak, and were soon engaged in the fight. As the

merchant-ships were not armed, they fled towards the English Channel, hoping to escape. With a ringing cheer the British soldiers and British tars went to their guns; they knew that if they fell into the hands of their enemies, they might be imprisoned for years in a French dungeon. So they fought with great valour and



courage; they fought as men do for liberty or life.

As the day wore away, many brave men fell. Some were killed, and others wounded. Two of the ships—one on each side—sank, and many brave fellows went down with them. The shot and shell tore the sails and rigging, made holes in the sides of the ships, and often set them on

fire. It became a question of patience as well as of courage. Both sides fought long and bravely, but at last the victory was won by the British ships.

It was a terrible sight. The poor fellows were hot, wounded, and thirsty. Some were black with smoke and powder; others were faint with wounds and loss of blood. Some fought, with their wounds bound up, until they were scarcely able to stand. Sometimes they had to leave their guns and draw their swords, to cut down those who were trying to board them. When they had driven them off, they would run to their guns again, and fire away till they could see nothing but smoke, and hear nothing but the roar of the cannon.

Night came at last, and put an end to the dreadful battle. The loss of the French was much greater, both in ships and men, than that of the British. It was a long time before many of the ships were repaired and fit for service again; but the loss of life could never be repaired. What a terrible thing is war!

20. SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

beeves, cattle
be-stows, gives
grate-ful, thankful
mean-est, poorest
plain, level country
wealth, riches

beg-gar	**gold-en**	**Heav-en**	**sum-mer**
beau-ty	**grand-est**	**plen-ty**	**sun-shine**

Oh, where would be the golden corn,
And where the ripe red wine,
The rich man's wealth, the poor man's health,
Were't not for summer shine ?

And where would be the sheep and beeves,
And plenty of the plain,
And where the light of beauty's eyes,
If 'twere not for the rain ?

There's no man rich, there's no man poor,
The sunshine's free to all ;
The meanest beggar ever born
May thank the rains that fall.

The grandest gifts that Heaven bestows
Are mine and thine in vain,
If we cannot bless with grateful hearts
The sunshine and the rain.

DR. MACKAY.

21. A LITTLE HERO.

chan-nels, passages
com-rades, companions
con-scious, sensible
con-tact, touch
cur-rent, stream, course
grope, feel about in the dark
nos-trils, nose
ren-der, give
re-vived, restored
shaft, entrance to the mine

ac-ci-dent **as-ton-ished** **care-less-ness** **ex-plo-sion** **fur-nace** **Lan-ca-shire** **nu-mer-ous** **York-shire**

My story is about a brave little boy, who worked in one of those deep coal-mines which are so numerous in some parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Very often these mines catch fire, either through some accident or the carelessness of men. If a naked light should come into contact with the gas which often collects in the mine, there is a terrible explosion, and often loss of life.

While the men were at work in the coal-mine, the gas caught fire, and the noise of the flames as they went hissing and roaring through the mine was like that of a furnace. A poor little waggon-boy heard the noise, and saw the flames coming towards him. Quick as thought almost, he turned an empty waggon upside down and crept beneath it.

As soon as the flame had passed, the foul air put out his safety lamp, and left him in the dark. He then knew that if he breathed that air, if for but a few minutes, he must die; that his only chance of safety was in reaching the bottom of the shaft before he fainted. The shaft, as you

know, was the only means by which fresh air could be supplied to the mine.

He crept from under the waggon, pulled his flannel cap off his head, thrust it into his mouth and over his nostrils, and ran for life. It was an awful race through the dark mine, over the dead and dying miners. The fire had thrown down the roof of the mine in some places, and blocked up the air channels. He had to grope his way over loaded waggons, dead horses, heaps of coal, and dying men.

Often he fell and hurt himself, but he sprang to his feet and ran again, until he reached the mouth of the mine, where he fell down and fainted. The fresh air from the shaft soon revived him. As soon as he became conscious, he began to think what he could do to save some of the other poor fellows who were in the mine. As he groped his way about, he found several who, like himself, had fainted. They lay on their backs, breathing heavily, and in danger of dying for want of fresh air.

He turned them over with their faces towards the bottom of the shaft. He opened the air channels that had been closed, and a current of fresh air fell on their faces. This soon revived them, and they were able to render some help in saving others.

The noise of the explosion had been heard by those who were above, and men came down with safety lamps to see what had happened, and to give what help they could. As many of the miners as were alive they took away first, sending them to their homes as quickly as possible. When they were able to see all the damage which the fire had done, they were

astonished that any had been brought up from the pit alive.

Soon the news spread that it was the little waggon-boy who had been the means of saving the lives of his comrades as well as his own. Many a wife and mother and sister thanked the brave little fellow, who in the hour of danger knew what to do, and did it nobly. In darkness and amid death he thought of the welfare of others, and it is right that his deeds should be told. Such acts deserve to live in story and in song, for heroes like little Willie Ashton are the glory of any age and country.

All boys cannot have the opportunity of being heroes in the way Willie Ashton was; but in some other way they may prove their right to this name. Let a boy stand up for right, and dare at all times to do right, and he will be a hero. Let a boy conquer *self*, and he will be a hero. Let a boy take the side of the weak, and defend it against the wrong, and he will be a hero. Let a boy deny himself for the sake of others, or suffer to save others, and he will be a hero.

In school life even there will not be wanting many opportunities in which boys may do noble deeds, and show themselves worthy of being called heroes.

22. MY GOOD RIGHT HAND.

ac-quaint-ance, persons we know
be-tide, may happen
com-plain, find fault
coun-sel, advice
dread-ed, were afraid of
re-vived, lived again

ad-vis-ers	**cour-age**	**grief**	**un-der-stand**
com-pan-ions	**ex-claimed**	**Heav-en**	**what-ev-er**

I fell into grief, and began to complain;
I look'd for a friend, but I sought him in vain:
Companions were shy, and acquaintance were cold,
They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold.

'Let them go!' I exclaimed; 'I've a friend at my side,
To lift me and aid me whatever betide;
To trust to the world is to build on the sand;—
I'll trust but in Heaven and my good Right Hand.'

My courage revived in my fortune's despite,
And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light;
It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain,
It fed me and clad me again and again.

The friends who had left me came back every one,
And darkest advisers look'd bright as the sun:
I need them no more, as they all understand,—
I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right Hand.

DR. MACKAY. *By permission.*

23. HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

dam-aged, spoiled, injured	**ob-tained**, got
de-vice, plan	**per-ish-es**, dies
do-mes-tic, tame	**rear**, bring up
fleet-est, swiftest	**strat-a-gem**, trick, deceit
im-i-tates, copies	**sub-si-ded**, gone down
im-pos-ture, cheat	**track-less**, without a path

ap-proach-es	**col-o-nies**	**feath-er**	**suc-cess-ful-ly**
a-dorn-ing	**dis-guise**	**par-tic-u-lar**	**ven-tures**

Some of you have often seen an ostrich feather, either in the window of some shop, or adorning a lady's bonnet. You may not know much about the bird itself, or the way in which the feathers are obtained. You shall now read a little about both, which will make you more interested when next you see these beautiful feathers.

The ostrich is classed among birds, although it cannot fly like the birds you see in this country. It is a very large bird, as you may judge from the picture before you. It is chiefly found in South Africa, where the natives hunt it by stratagem. That is, they have to adopt some device before they can get within reach of the bird, to kill or to capture it.

The hunter generally covers his head and shoulders with the skin and feathers of an ostrich. He allows the head and neck to hang down, as if he were a bird quietly feeding. He sits down and covers himself with the wings and feathers, like a bird sitting on its nest. He imitates the movements of a real ostrich so well, that it is scarcely possible to detect the imposture.



In this way he approaches a flock of ostriches. In spite of this disguise, however, they will sometimes take flight as he draws near, long before he has joined them. It is then no use attempting to follow, for they can run faster than the fleetest horse. The hunter knows what to do: he knows that the birds have no sagacity or wisdom, and that as soon as their fears have subsided they will return, and come near him again. Sometimes the ostriches will keep on running for hours together, but instead of running straight on in one direction, and thus away from danger, they will run in circles for miles round, so that the hunter has only to wait until the poor bird is tired out, and then he has it in his power.

When the ostrich is hardly pressed, what do you think is its last chance of escape? Why, it makes a hole in the sand and buries its head in it, thinking, because it can see no enemy, that no enemy can see it. You need hardly to be told that it soon becomes a prey to the hunter. Some boys and girls are not much wiser than ostriches in this respect: they forget that eyes are watching them which they often cannot see.

If a hunter has patience and skill, he may do a good day's work when he has got near enough to the flock. He is armed with a bow and arrows, that he may shoot them without making a noise. If he is very clever, he may shoot many birds before they become alarmed and take to flight. Should there be any one of the birds he wants in particular for the sake of its feathers, he tries to get near enough to kill it with a club or stick, so that the feathers may not be damaged by the bleeding from a wound.

Sometimes the hunter loses his life in his search for this bird. The Arabs call the ostrich the camel-bird, from the shape of its neck and body, and because it can live a long time without water in its desert home. When the hunter ventures far into the trackless desert, he often loses his way, and being without food or water, and unable to return, he perishes from hunger and thirst.

Wild ostriches are now becoming scarce in many parts of Africa. Their young ones are neglected and allowed to perish. The nest of the ostrich is simply a hole in the sand, and contains about ten or twelve eggs. These are exposed to the dangers of the desert, and often forsaken by the mother-bird.

In the southern part of Africa, farmers have very successfully tried to turn the wild ostrich into a domestic bird. Large farms of them are fed and protected, like horses, sheep, and cattle. Men who have lived in our colonies there have been as successful in rearing them as people have who rear geese and turkeys in this country. These African ostrich-farms are now becoming a great source of profit to their owners, and they will continue so, no doubt, as long as ladies will wear the feathers of these birds. No skill or art can produce feathers that are so beautiful, or that last so long. It is much better, then, to rear these birds on farms, where the feathers are obtained every year, than to hunt and kill them in the desert.

24. UMBRELLA AND WALKING-STICK.

ar-gue, reason, talk
con-ceit-ed, vain
doomed, condemned
em-braced, touched
guin-ea, twenty-one shillings
hearth, round the fireplace
re-joined, replied
shiv-ers, shaking fit

cham-pi-on	**gal-loped**	**quar-rel**	**um-brel-la**
com-plain-ing	**gen-tle-men**	**sat-is-fied**	**val-ues**
dan-ger-ous	**kitch-en**	**sneeze**	**weath-er**

The village doctor came home one wet night, and left his umbrella in the stand behind the door. His walking-stick stood beside it, and as the cold, wet umbrella leaned against it, the two began to quarrel.

'I wish you would come home dry and clean, like other people,' said the walking-stick. 'You always go out in stormy weather, and come back so cold and wet that one can scarcely bear to live with you. You seem to delight in making people uncomfortable, and in giving them bad colds.'

Here the walking-stick gave a sneeze, which made all the things in the stand shake together, and sent the umbrella rolling over. 'That's right!' shouted several other sticks, which had been embraced by the wet umbrella in its fall. 'Give it to him; he has given us all the shivers, which we shall not get over for an hour.'

'Fair play, fair play, gentlemen!' said the umbrella, when he had picked himself up and got back to his place in the stand; 'let me have chance to defend myself. I cannot argue with

you all, but I think I am a match for your champion here, the walking-stick. When I have done with *him*, if you are not then satisfied, I will take you one at a time.'

'And now,' said he, turning to the walking-stick, 'I should like to know what use *you* are in the world. You are a fine-weather friend. You go out for your own pleasure, and leave all the work for me. My master could easily spare you, without being any the worse for it. You are a proud, conceited, useless thing, and I am glad of this opportunity of telling you so to your face.'

'Don't talk to me about serving my master,' replied the walking-stick. 'Who goes with him on dark nights, and through lonely, dangerous places? Who saved him from the attack of a savage dog only a week ago? Who kept him from falling on the ice last winter? I find out the way for him when he cannot see. The very sound of my step cheers him, and he trusts in my strength. Don't talk to me of service; I am a better friend to him than ever you were.'

'Who cost most?' asked the umbrella. 'Did not the doctor give a guinea for me a few weeks ago? And I heard him say that I was a good, strong, useful umbrella, and would be a great comfort to him. Besides, I heard the other day that you had cost him nothing at all. I know which of us he values most!'

'It is true I cost him nothing, but you needn't throw that in my teeth,' rejoined the walking-stick. 'I was given to my master by a very dear friend of his. He would not sell me for my weight in gold. About a month ago he lost me; the bellman was sent round the village to

offer a reward to any person who would restore me. So you need not talk any more about being worth the most.'

Just then the servant came for the umbrella, and took it into the kitchen. She opened it, and spread it before the fire to dry. The children were playing on the hearth, and had not room enough, now the umbrella was near the fire. Young Master Jack ran off to the front door, and took the sulky walking-stick out of the stand. With this he ran back to the kitchen, put the stick between his legs, and galloped round and round the room, pretending he was on a horse.

You may depend upon it they had fine fun. But all things have an end. As the servant went in to prepare her master's tea, she pushed the door against Master Jack, who broke his father's stick in trying to get out of the way. His little sister pushed the umbrella too near the fire, and the brown silk cover was soon in a blaze. As it burned, they all rushed to put it out at once. In so doing Tom fell upon it and broke the frame to pieces.

The doctor heard the noise, and came into the kitchen. His umbrella and walking-stick were past mending. So he told the servant to gather up the pieces and use them as firewood.

'Oh dear! dear!' said the umbrella, when they found themselves in the cold, damp cellar, 'I wish I hadn't talked so loud in the stand this evening. I might have been alive and well; but now my back and ribs are all broken. Oh dear! I shall die!'

'And I wish,' said the walking-stick, 'that I had never left the service of my former master; *he* would never have doomed me to die like this.'

25. THE STORY OF JACK FROST.

blast, rush of wind
em-bers, hot cinders
hue, colour
prank, trick
rhyme, verse
spray, small branches

boughs **chest-nut** **cu-ri-ous** **mead-ows** **north-ern** **scarce-ly** **squir-rel** **with-er**

I come to earth on the northern blast,
  Which scatters the leaves away;
And over the forest a robe I fling,
  Of a thousand colours gay.
I whiten the meadows with crusting dews,
  And open the chestnut buds;
And throw a chill o'er the swimmer's limbs
  Who would tempt the tossing floods.

I shake from the boughs the ripen'd fruit,
  As the merry gath'rers come;
With laugh and with jest they gladly bear
  The golden treasures home.
The nuts I fling from the highest twig,
  Where the squirrel could scarcely climb;
And many a curious prank I play,
  That cannot be told in rhyme.

I call for fire on the cottage hearth,
  It blazes strong and clear;
The shivering children gather round,
  And sit to the embers near.
I paint the school-boy's ruddy cheek
  With a hue like the summer rose;
He cries to his playmates, 'Jack Frost has come!'
  Though the story each one knows.

I lay my finger on rosy buds,
That hang on the garden spray;
They shrink from my cold and cruel touch,
And quickly wither away.
Ye think I am rude, but a Power Divine
Hath sent me to earth once more;
To do His bidding I hasten on,
When the summer bloom is o'er.

J. W. EDSON.

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26. THE REHEARSAL.

at-tire, dress
aud-i-en-ces, people to hear or see
car-a-van, large carriage
feats, clever tricks
flim-sy, thin, light
mode, plan, manner
neigh-bour-ing, near, close by
per-ma-nent-ly, for good
re-fuge, shelter
re-hearsed, repeated
re-pre-sents, shows
vo-ca-tion, trade, calling

ac-ci-dents	**bal-ance**	**hos-pit-al**	**mis-for-tune**
ap-pren-tice	**bal-anc-ing**	**ig-nor-ance**	**pe-cu-li-ar**

Our picture represents a girl taking lessons on the tight-rope. She is dressed in gay and flimsy attire. Her feet are covered with peculiar kind of socks, to enable her to tread the rope firmly. The soles and the rope have been well rubbed with chalk, to prevent her from slipping.

She is learning to balance herself on the rope without a balancing pole. Poor child, she has had many a fall from the rope before she could stand alone. The old man you see standing by is her master. He has often punished her



because she did not learn her duties sooner; and often, when the people have clapped their hands with joy at her performances, she has had a sad heart because she has thought of her hard lot.

Few performers on the tight-rope can earn enough to keep themselves in comfort. Many of them meet with accidents, and often find refuge in the hospital. When we see their clever tricks on the rope, we do not think of the hardships of their life. Living in tents, these showmen wander about the country without any settled home. Their children are brought up in ignorance, and are very seldom put to learn any trade.

Some of the feats performed on the tight-rope require a great amount of practice. Before performing in public, they must be rehearsed again and again in private. The prince of tight-rope walkers is Blondin, who walked over a rope across the falls of Niagara, and carried a man on his back. Sometimes he walks on high ropes with his eyes blindfolded and his head in a sack. He wheels a barrow along the rope, sets up a cooking-stove, and cooks his food there. It is very wonderful to see what he can do. No doubt he has received large sums of money as the reward of his skill and perseverance, but the vocation is attended with great risk and danger. Where there is one, like Blondin, who finds the profession to be profitable, there are hundreds of others who find it to be a life of hardship and poverty.

Lucy May had the misfortune, whilst she was very young, to lose her mother. Her father was a poor labouring man, who found it impossible to earn bread enough to fill all the little mouths

of his eight children. The little baby was kindly provided for by a relative; two of the boys were sent as errand-boys into the neighbouring town; Emily, the oldest girl, was to take charge of the house; and Lucy, the youngest but one, was put apprentice to a travelling showman, to learn to walk and dance on the tight-rope. Poor Lucy was but five years of age when she left her home. The people she lived with were very kind to her, and treated her as their own child.

The showman took great pains to teach Lucy, and as she was a quick, teachable little thing, she soon made great progress. Her master was delighted, because he saw in her cleverness the prospect of great gain. About a year after leaving her home, Lucy made her first appearance in public, and so successful was her performance that arrangements were made for taking the largest public building in the town where they were then staying.

Here, night after night for a month, Lucy performed to crowded audiences. When the profits were calculated, it was found that her master was a richer man than he had ever been before, although he had led this kind of life for more than twenty years. In fact, he had now so much money that he decided to change his mode of living entirely. The old caravan in which they had been living was sold, with all its broken-down furniture. The man and his wife and Lucy went into respectable lodgings, which they changed, of course, as they travelled from town to town.

Things went on like this for several years, until one sad night in December about thirty years ago. By this time the family (for they con-

sidered Lucy as their daughter) was in good circumstances, and had settled down permanently in London. One evening towards the close of the year the showman had said, 'Lucy, my dear, I am going to propose something to you to-night which I hope you will approve. It is now fifteen years since you came to live with us, and, thanks to your efforts and skill, we have now saved up enough money to retire into private life. Very few in our profession have had such a successful run as we have had. I now propose that we shall give up our business entirely at the end of the present year, and go down to your native village to live for the rest of our days. And,' said he, 'as you have been the principal means of obtaining the money, I also propose that whatever profits we receive between now and the end of the year shall be yours.'

This was good news to Lucy, who readily agreed. There were six weeks still before the end of the year—plenty of time to make a lot of money, if no accident happened. And then she would have done with the exciting, dangerous life she had led for so many years; then she would be comfortably settled with her kind friends, near her old home, and above the reach of poverty and want.

It was Christmas Eve. Five out of the six weeks had gone, and Lucy had been more successful than she had ever hoped for. Her prospects of a very large sum were very bright. This night, however, a terrible accident occurred. Lucy's foot slipped, and she fell from a giddy height. She was picked up insensible; at first it was thought she was dead. They carried her to the hospital, from which she was not moved

for many weary weeks. Her back was severely injured, and for the rest of her days she would be a cripple.

In a little Yorkshire village lives a cheerful, happy woman, bent almost double, but not with age. She is very kind to children, but especially to motherless children. If a show or circus comes anywhere near that village, you can always find this little woman inquiring about the children that are travelling with it. Many a little gold coin does she put into their hands. Perhaps you can guess who it is. It is Lucy May.

27. HOW I BECAME A SOLDIER.

at-tic, top room of a house
cur-rent, force of the river
des-per-ate, fearless of danger
in-just-ice, wrong-doing
lat-tice, fitted with bars
re-cruit-ing, enlisting
re-cov-ered, got better
suf-fo-cat-ed, choked

ad-vant-age **ad-ven-ture** **ed-u-ca-tion** **ex-pense** **gal-ley** **pur-su-ers** **sel-fish** **weav-ing**

My parents died when I was very young, and as I had neither relatives nor friends in that part of the country to care for me, I was sent to the union or poorhouse. There I was fed and clothed at the expense of the parish until I was ten years old, after which I was sent to learn the art of weaving stockings.

As I was only a parish apprentice, I received no education. You must remember that I am speaking of many years ago, for I am an old man now, and I am thankful to know things are

different from what they were sixty years ago. In those days, schools were only for the rich and great; poor people were said to be better without learning. So I grew up to be a strong, healthy lad of sixteen without knowing how to read or write.

My master was selfish, and kept me hard at work, for the sake of the few shillings I could earn. Early and late I had to toil, with scarcely enough to eat, and never a penny in my pocket. I used to see other boys have a holiday now and then, and a few coppers to spend as they liked.

When I complained, my master promised to give me all I could earn above twelve shillings a week. He also said I might have a holiday of one day in the year to see the Nottingham goose fair. But he so robbed and cheated me in all sorts of ways, taking advantage of my ignorance, that I never had any money, although I worked like a galley slave. Worse than this, he would somehow or other bring me into his debt, and say that I should have to work on my holiday to pay it off.

The second of October came, and I applied for my holiday and a little money. I was now in my seventeenth year, and had never had a single holiday for six years. I had heard a great deal, too, about the fair, and wanted to go. My master refused to let me go. He took me to the attic, which was my usual workshop, and locked me up like a prisoner, while he went to the fair to enjoy himself.

I felt so keenly the hardship of my position, and the injustice of my master, that I resolved to escape. I climbed up the narrow, crooked chimney till I stuck fast, and could get neither

up nor down. I struggled and kicked until the soot fell into my eyes and mouth, and almost suffocated me. At last some of the bricks gave way, and I fell into the workshop, bruised, bleeding, and blinded with soot.

This adventure made me desperate; but I was determined to escape. I knocked out the lattice window, and dropped from the attic to the ground. The neighbours saw me, and chased me as though I had been a thief. I ran across the fields, and plunged into the Trent. I was an excellent swimmer, and as the current was strong, and there were neither bridges nor boats near, I soon escaped from my pursuers.

I walked that day to Leicester in my wet clothes, and slept under a haystack at night. Here I was found next morning, in a high state of fever, by the farmer. Fortunately for me, he was a kind-hearted man. He had me removed to his farm, and from there to the poorhouse, where I was nursed and cared for till I recovered.

As soon as I was able to travel I took to the road again, for I knew my master would have taken me back to slavery if he could have found me. I passed through Warwick, and was drawing near the city of Gloucester, when a recruiting officer met me on the road.

'Will you fight for the king?' said he. 'You are a fine, strong fellow, but you look half-starved. You are perhaps looking for work. Come now, enlist for a soldier, and you will get plenty to eat, fine clothes to wear, and plenty of prize-money too.' He drew such pictures of the comforts and joys, the honours and rewards of a soldier's life, that I took the shilling and went with him to be examined.

A few days after I was strutting about in a new suit of soldier's clothes, with a shilling in my pocket. It was the first shilling of my own I had ever possessed, and I felt immensely rich. I could tell you of wonderful things I have gone through since then, but that is how I became a soldier.

—o—

28. THE LUNATIC MAN.

hoax, trick
lun-a-tic, mad
sor-ry, poor
steered, guided
stin-gi-ness, greediness, pinching
tug, pull

clucked **coast-ing** **hand-le** **ter-ri-ble**

A story they tell of a lunatic man,
Who slid down hill in a warming-pan;
He steered himself with the handle, of course,
And clucked away as he would to a horse;
His legs, it is true, were somewhat in the way,
And his seat rather tight, if a body might say;
But he landed all right at the foot of the hill,
And, for all that I know, is sitting there still.
You smile at the story, and wonder how folks
Can get from their brain such a terrible hoax;
But sliding down hill is many a man
On a much worse thing than a warming-pan.
Some are going down at full speed on their pride,
And others who on their stinginess slide;
But the strangest way of taking that ride
Is to go, as some do, on a beer-jug astride.
Beware of such coasting, or like Jack and Gill,
You'll make sorry work in getting down hill;
Beware, for with what other evil you tug,
'Tis nothing like sliding down hill on a jug.

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29. A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Ach-il-les **A-jax** **Her-cu-les** **Ne-me-an** **The-tis**	are all names belonging to ancient history	**he-ro-ic**, brave **min-strels**, singers **san-dals**, a kind of shoe **shield-ed**, protected **sov-er-eign**, ruler, king or queen

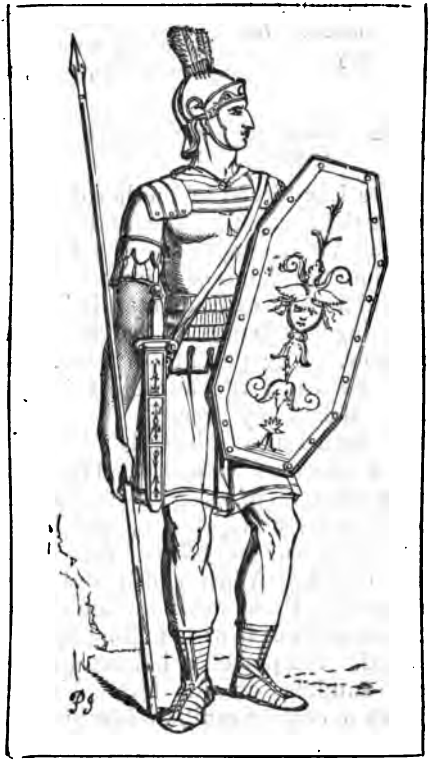
dis-ting-uish	**per-ished**	**through-out**	**watch-ful**
glo-ri-ous	**scorned**	**vic-to-ries**	**weap-ons**

Young De Lacy lived in the heroic age, when men fought their way to fame and fortune. If we could believe all the old books tell us, they must have had fine times of it in those ages; but we are afraid a good deal we read is hardly true, and that things were not so much better than they are now. The parents of De Lacy were poor, and he scorned the humble toil by which they earned their daily bread.

He had heard the minstrels sing of great battles and glorious victories. He had been told how young men, as poor as himself, had risen to be kings and princes; and he said to himself, 'I, too, will be great. What man has done, man can do. With youth and good fortune on my side, I will win fame and honour.'

So he armed himself with a long spear and a trusty sword. He placed a helmet on his head and stout sandals on his feet. He covered himself with a coat of mail, and in his left hand carried a shield. Thus armed, he left home to seek his fortune. He wished for some adventure by which he could distinguish himself, and which would spread his name and fame throughout the land.

On the way he met a wise old hermit, who, hearing from him his wish, advised him to return and live in peace. 'Think,' said he, 'of the



heroes of old who trusted in their shields and boasted of their strength, but who perished in battle. When Ajax was born, Hercules wrapped

him in the skin of the Nemean lion, and prayed that the child might have a skin that no weapon could pierce. His prayer was heard, and the child was shielded all over, except the hole through which the string of his quiver hung. But that small hole was the spot where he was wounded, for he was killed in battle.

'And when Achilles was born, Thetis took him by the heels and dipped him over head in the Styx, to shield him for life. But the heel by which she held him was not protected. It is said that Paris aimed an arrow at his heel and killed him.

'But,' said the old hermit, 'if thou wilt go to war, be humble and be watchful. Let not him that putteth on the armour boast himself as he that putteth it off.'

De Lacy thanked the hermit for his good advice, and turned his steps homewards. He enlisted in the service of the king, became a brave soldier, and fought bravely on the field of battle. Step by step he rose from the ranks to be a chief officer of his sovereign.

When the wars were over he returned to his native village. He laid aside his weapons, took off his armour, and spent the rest of his days in peace and quietness. When he died, his children often told how he became a soldier of fortune by patient, faithful service.

30. THE SUNBEAM AND THE LIGHTNING.

bel-lowed, roared
flashed, burst suddenly
pet-als, parts of a flower
ri-val, one having the same claims
sul-try, hot and close
tor-rents, great abundance

fu-ry	**light-ning**	**per-haps**	**sun-beam**
gath-ered	**meek-ly**	**shad-ows**	**ter-ror**

Near the close of a sultry day in summer, the black storm-clouds gathered in the western sky, and filled the earth with gloom. Their dark shadows fell upon the fields, and made the flowers and the cattle look sad and lonely.

A sunbeam tried to find its way to the earth to cheer and comfort them. But it fell among the thick clouds, and was unable to shine through them. There it met with its great rival, the lightning, and said, 'What shall I do? I am sent to the earth to shine on the flowers and the grass and the trees, but I have lost my way and cannot find them. They will miss me, and are, perhaps, now wondering why I do not come to smile upon them and comfort them.'

'I am going down to the earth,' said the lightning, 'and will do your work. I am brighter and clearer than you, and I can fly much faster. If I go and visit your friends, the birds and cattle and flowers, they will never miss you.'

So the lightning flashed from the clouds before the sunbeam had time to reply, and shone for an instant on the dark earth beneath.

It was followed by a roar of thunder that shook the hills and sent its echo far away.

The cattle ran for shelter, and bellowed with fear. The children covered their faces, and put their fingers in their ears; the very little ones cried, and ran to their mothers to hide. The birds forgot to sing, and flew swiftly and silently to their nests. The flowers meekly bent their heads, and closed their tiny petals in alarm. An old oak that was standing near had its branches broken, its bark torn, and its leaves destroyed by the lightning. Great drops of rain began to fall, and for nearly an hour the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the wind blew, and the rain fell in torrents.

At last the storm-clouds passed away, and the sunbeam found its way to the earth again. The flowers opened their petals and lifted their heads. The birds came out of their hiding-places and began to sing. The grass and the trees said to the sunbeam, 'Why did you send the lightning? He comes in storm and tempest, with thunder and terror, to make us afraid. You come in gentleness and peace, to wipe away our tears and to kiss away our fears. Power and strength are very grand and wonderful, but we cannot love them. Your gentle, loving help and comfort are what we want; they are worth more to us than all the noise and fury in the world. Do you come and live with us, and smile upon us always, for we are afraid of the lightning.'

31. SONG OF THE CROCUS.

des-pair, lose hope
di-verge, spread out
dun-geon, dark prison
e-merge, appear again
fo-cus, centre
peer, peep
se-rene, peaceful
sol-i-tude, loneliness

beau-ti-ful **cheer-ing** **gloom-y** **na-ture**
bo-som **dis-mal** **gloom-i-est** **pet-als**

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me,
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus.

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder that one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

HANNAH F. GOULD

32. ADVENTURES OF A SWEEPING BROOM.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

ac-com-plished, done
brace-lets, ornaments for the wrist
ev-i-dent-ly, plainly, clearly
for-lorn, forsaken
gos-sip, idle talk
i-ron-mong-er, a dealer in iron goods
mud-dle, confusion
or-na-ments, adornings
se-lect-ed, chose
sin-cere-ly, truly
trudged, marched
un-time-ly, before the time

al-though **ap-pear-ance** **bun-dles** **cheer-ful-ly** **dis-ap-pointed** **fin-ished** **grieved** **hol-i-day**

I am only an old broom, lying here by the dust-bin waiting to be carried away when the dustman calls for the ashes; but although I look so old and forlorn, I have seen better days, as you shall hear.

I was once hung up amongst the best brushes in an ironmonger's shop, and little thought I should ever so come down in the world as to appear in my present condition. But I will give you my short history since leaving the shop, then you will see how it is I am what I am now.

One day a lady came into the shop and asked to look at some sweeping brooms. Several large bundles were reached down for her to examine, but they were none of them good enough. The lady evidently knew that a good broom, though it might cost a little more at first, would be the cheapest in the end. At

last the bundle in which I hung was shown to her, and she selected me. I need not say how grieved I was to leave my old companions, who had hung up with me so long, nor how sad and quiet they all were when I had to bid them farewell. I was packed in a large basket amongst other articles, and given to Jerry, the errand-boy, to take to the lady's house.

This Jerry was a smart little fellow, about twelve years old. He got very little pay for his work, but he did it well and cheerfully. You should have seen how he trudged along with the basket the night he took me home. It was Christmas time just then, and I daresay he was looking forward to a holiday, and he might perhaps have a few coppers given to him at the houses he was going to. Very likely these thoughts made the basket feel lighter than it really was; and I sincerely hope Jerry was not disappointed, but that his pockets felt heavier to him when his work was done than the basket had felt before.

Arrived at my new home, I was sent down into the kitchen to be used by Maria the servant. I was afraid I had fallen into bad hands directly I saw her. She was such a picture of dirt and untidiness, that I could not for the life of me tell which was Maria and which was the dirt. She had just finished her work, and was washing herself. Since she did not possess any ornaments of *gold*, she took care to leave a necklace and bracelets of *dirt*.

Next morning Maria used me for doing her work. She took me into the hall first. She was supposed to sweep the hall every morning, and so she did in her own way. But she never

moved the mats to sweep under them, unless her mistress was about. Then when she reached the door she swept the dirty steps with me, put me on the dirty gravel path, and rested herself on my long handle, while she had a few minutes' gossip with the servant next door. This is the way she used me every morning, and in the afternoons used me just as badly in sweeping her kitchen. I have been in her charge but a very short time, but you will not wonder at my appearance now you know how badly she has used me. She has never once given me a washing. I should have lasted twice as long with care.

I could tell you a lot more strange things about Maria, but here comes the dustman, and I shall in a few minutes be one of the numerous things which go to make up the general muddle contained in his cart. Alas! that I should ever have come to this! My young friends, if ever you buy a new broom, use it well. Remember me, and think how much more work I might have accomplished but for the untimely end I have come to, through no fault of my own. Ah! there is that dreadful Maria peeping through the window at the dustman as he carries me away, and shouts with all his might, 'Dust-ho!'

E. M. G.

33. THE TOWER OF LONDON.

a-dorned, ornamented
ar-mour-y, where weapons are kept
be-head-ed, cut off the heads
font, basin
mag-ni-fi-cent, most beautiful
moat, a deep trench or ditch
mod-elled, made
pre-cau-tion, care

bay-o-nets	**con-demned**	**ex-e-cu-tion-er**	**scep-tre**
ceil-ing	**cu-ri-ous**	**ques-tions**	**se-cured**
chief-ly	**de-fence**	**sac-ra-ment-al**	**sit-u-a-ted**

London is the largest and richest city in the world. Thousands of people go there every year merely to see its wonderful sights. Some of you may visit it some day. When you do, be sure to go through the Tower of London. You will find it full of interest, and it will furnish you with matter to talk about for many days after.

It is situated on the bank of the Thames, not very far from London Bridge. When you reach the building a guide will take you in charge, and point out to you the strange objects of interest, and tell you some interesting stories connected with them, stories chiefly of the days that are past.

As you enter the Tower the guide shows you the old moat, that was once filled with water and used as a defence. At present it is used as a drill-ground for the soldiers. He gives you the names of the towers and gateways as you pass, with the names of the prisoners who lived there from time to time.

On the walls you see names and curious figures cut in the stone by poor wretches who

were shut up and condemned to die. Among others is the word 'Jane,' which reminds you of Lady Jane Grey, who was put to death for calling herself 'Jane the Queen.' On what is known as Tower Hill, noble lords and ladies were beheaded in the cruel days gone by.



Presently you will come to a staircase, at the foot of which were buried the two young princes who were smothered in one of the rooms of the Tower by order of their wicked uncle. When you have read something of the history of England, these stories will be more interesting still.

In the armoury you are shown the block and axe which the executioner used, and the iron mask he wore, when he beheaded the prisoners. The executioner in those days was called the *headsman*, and you will easily guess why. On the walls and in stands you see every kind of armour, and almost every kind of weapon, used in this country in the wars of past centuries. Helmets, shields, spears, swords, and battle-axes, of all kinds, and belonging to all periods of our history, are found. Then there are guns, bayonets, lances, pistols, and other weapons, ready for use if war should begin again. From floor to ceiling, in several rooms, you will see weapons piled in the form of stars and flowers, forming strange ornaments.

Perhaps the room to please children most is the Jewel Room. Here you may see the Queen's crown. It is a cap of purple, enclosed in hoops of silver, surmounted by a ball and cross, and adorned with precious stones. One of these is a magnificent ruby, in the shape of a heart, that was worn by the Black Prince. Now, again you are to refer to history and see who the Black Prince was, and how long it is since he wore the precious stone. The crowns of the Prince of Wales, of Charles the Second, and many more of great beauty and value, are in the same room. The royal sceptre, made of gold and adorned with jewels, may here be seen. Other sceptres, swords, bracelets, spurs, dishes and spoons, help to make this a most interesting collection. A golden salt-cellar, modelled after the white tower; the sacramental plate and wine fountain; the baptismal font, now seldom used; and many other things of great interest and value, would be

sure to attract attention. Every precaution is taken against fire and thieves, as you may see from the strong iron cage in which the jewels are secured.

You have now heard quite enough to excite your curiosity and to lead you to visit this place when you are in London. You will learn more of the history of this country in one visit than in many hours of reading and study. Do not be afraid to ask questions; the guides are always pleased to give information, and to help to make young people wiser.

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34. THE DYING WORDS OF EARL WARWICK.

con-quest, battle	**pomp**, show
dimmed, made dark	**se-pulch-res**, graves
man-gled, torn	**trea-sons**, crimes
man-ors, lands, possessions	**yield**, give up

pierc-ing **se-cret** **smeared** **reign**

My mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

SHAKESPEARE.

35. THE SPARROW'S STORY.

as-sure, tell for certain
cat-er-pil-lars, grubs
em-i-grat-ed, left their own country
grat-i-tude, thankfulness
myr-i-ads, immense numbers
re-spect-ed, thought much of
scraps, broken pieces
un-grate-ful, not thankful

an-cest-ors	**con-ceit**	**en-joy-ing**	**par-tic-u-lar**
can-ar-ies	**cous-ins**	**ex-plained**	**smok-y**
cher-ries	**cur-rants**	**goose-ber-ries**	**voy-age**

There cannot be very much interesting about me, I am sure. I am only a poor London sparrow, and when the writer of this book asked me for my tale, I thought he meant the tail I carry behind me, so I was going to fly away, because I couldn't spare that tail very well. But when he explained to me that he meant a little history of myself for boys and girls to read, I began, for the first time in my life, to think who I was, where I came from, and what I was made for. This, then, is my little story.

I was born in a little nest among the smoky

houses of the great city, and have never yet seen the country. I have heard my cousins tell of the cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, and currants on which they sometimes feed; but I only see such fruit on the stalls in the market. I shouldn't wonder if my cousins get these things much cheaper in the country than we do in the town. Perhaps you laugh at the idea of our paying for anything at all. I can assure you we



do, though. Of course, we do not give coin; but I can tell you sparrows are honest birds, and give good value for all they receive.

But, now, a little more about myself. Before I could fly my mother fed me with crumbs of bread, bits of meat, pickings of fish bones, and scraps of food that people threw away. When I began to seek my own food, I caught flies, spiders, earwigs, moths, caterpillars, and other

insects, in the summer; in the winter I generally fed with the horses. I was not at all particular, like some folks I know. I changed my food with the seasons, and do so still, enjoying thankfully all the good things that come in my way.

I belong to a very large family. My cousins, the house-sparrow, the hedge-sparrow, and the tree-sparrow, are well known and highly respected. Some members of my family emigrated to America a few years ago. The people of New York were visited by myriads of caterpillars, which devoured the leaves and injured the trees; this became a perfect plague. So some ten thousand of my companions, fellow-sparrows, were caught and taken to America to eat the caterpillars. Most of the birds lived in large cages on the ship during the voyage, and on their arrival at New York were set at liberty to fly about the city. They soon made an end of the caterpillars, and made themselves quite at home in that part of the world.

Sometimes people say we are ungrateful. They feed us all the winter, but we never will go into their houses, like the robin does. Well, all I can say is, that it is our nature. We are not ungrateful, but we value our freedom more than anything else. We are willing to show our gratitude, we are willing to serve you, and to serve you well, but it must be *out of doors*. Some of my ancestors, in ages past, were caged and fed, like my friends the canaries. Even kings and princes, I am told, tried to tame them and make them into pets; but they could not; my poor ancestors pined and died. Even to me, a poor London house-sparrow, a gilded cage in a royal palace would be no temptation. I should sigh for my

own humble nest under the shadow of a smoky chimney.

We are not vain and proud, as some birds are. We cannot sing like the lark or the nightingale, we have no fine feathers like the peacock ; but we have no conceit, like some birds I could name. Pride is too heavy a burden to carry, and the sparrows, as a family, find themselves much happier without it.

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36. JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

ar-gu-ments, reasons	**main-tained**, supported
coin, money	**pol-i-cy**, way of acting
de-spite, hatred	**rec-ti-tude**, right
just-i-fy, show to be right	**stanch**, firm

coax-ing **down-right** **of-fence** **scorn-ing**
de-cent **fu-ture** **ras-cal** **threats**

John Littlejohn was stanch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong ;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
'*The coin's a bad one, nail it down.*'

John Littlejohn maintain'd the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite ;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dozed him with arguments learn'd by rote,

Or by coaxing, threats, or promise tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
'*Nay, nay,*' said John, with an angry frown,
'*Your coin's a bad one, nail it down.*'

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy;
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude;
That a lie, if white, was a small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense;
'*Nay, nay,*' said John, with a sigh and a frown,
'*The coin's a bad one, nail it down.*'

DR. MACKAY.

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37. AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

am-mu-ni-tion, powder, etc.
cor-por-al, an inferior officer
em-barked, went on board to sail
for-ti-fied, made strong
fron-tier, boundary
in-trenched, hid behind a trench
knap-sack, soldier's bag
pen-sion, allowance for service
re-treat-ed, went back
sat-u-rat-ed, wet through
sore-ly, badly
viv-id, fresh

at-tacked **cap-ture** **i-mag-ine** **re-fuge**
bis-cuits **gal-lows** **ne-ces-sar-y** **wretch-ed-ness**

I spent a few weeks in drilling, marching, and other exercises necessary in a soldier's life. Before I had been a soldier three months I was ordered to Portugal. The Duke of Wellington was then intrenched behind the lines of Torres

Vedras, and the French were trying to drive him out. Men were so sorely needed that prisoners were allowed to enlist, and it is said that men under sentence of death escaped the gallows by going to fight the French. However that may be, I know that I was ordered for service before I had fairly been taught to handle a gun.

We embarked at Plymouth, and after a stormy passage in the Bay of Biscay, arrived safely at Lisbon. We had no time to look about in the city, being immediately marched up the country to join the Duke of Wellington.

Torres Vedras is a small town about thirty miles from Lisbon. In the year 1810, Wellington took refuge there with the British forces, and fortified it so strongly that the French could not capture it. Through the long winter they attacked it, but in vain; finding it useless to attempt to carry the place by storm, the French retired, followed by Wellington and his troops.

We crossed the frontier of Portugal and marched into Spain. As the French retreated they carried away or destroyed all the food, so that we had to depend on supplies from Lisbon. We were sometimes three days' march ahead of our food, and had to live on biscuits and water. In these forced marches we had no tents, and thought ourselves well-off if we had a handful of straw for our pillows.

My clothing consisted of a pair of leather breeches, that had to be cleaned with pipe-clay, a scarlet coat, a high-crowned hat, and an over-coat, which served also for a blanket. I had a tin pan for cooking, a water flask, and a knapsack to hold my food and ammunition. In this light marching order we followed the French hundreds

of miles, and fought them whenever they made a stand.

But sleeping on a battle-field, amid the rain and cold, surrounded by the dead and wounded, is a great hardship. My leather breeches were often saturated with the rain, and clung like icicles to my skin. Oh, I shall never forget the wretchedness and misery I endured during the severe weather of that year! I slept on the bare earth, without a change of clothes, for six weeks; and marched over rough roads until my shoes were worn out and fell to pieces.

Just before the battle of Salamanca I received the first piece of beef I had seen for a month. There appeared to be a little quiet just then, and I prepared to enjoy my gift to the full. I put the beef into my pan, with a little salt and water, to make soup. Just then the French opened fire upon us, and a shot fell into my pan and upset the contents into the ashes. I picked up the beef and put it into my knapsack, as carefully as if it were a precious thing. When the battle was over, and the firing had ceased, I took out my half-cooked meat, and ate it with more pleasure than you can well imagine.

Not to make my tale too long, I will sum up the rest of my story in a few words. At the storming of Badajos, on the 6th of April 1812, I was one of the first to cross the trench and enter the town by means of scaling ladders. The horrors of that storming are as vivid in my recollection as they were sixty years ago. I am thankful to tell you that I passed through all the battles without any serious wounds. A few scratches were all the harm I received, besides the hardships I have already named.

I returned to England after the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, and served my sovereign and country at home for nearly twenty years longer. I never rose above the rank of corporal, because my education had been neglected in early life, and there was little or no chance of improving it in the army. When I left the service I was granted a pension, which has helped me, for many years, to spend my days in comfort and peace.

And now, dear children, I must say good-bye. I am more than eighty years of age, and may never see you again. Take my word for it, war is a terrible thing. I have no love for fighting. Whether you win or lose, you have to take your share in hardship and suffering. When I go to church, there is no part of the service in which I join more heartily than when we pray, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord.'

38. HARVEST HOME.

ac-cept-ed, took
at-mo-sphere, air
brac-ing, giving strength
de-tails, particulars
in-vent-ed, first made
mar-vel-lous, wonderful
oc-ca-sions, times
re-sist, stand against
roamed, wandered about
sic-kle, reaping-hook

ar-ranged	**ma-chines**	**plough-ing**	**sheaves**
bus-i-ness	**per-suade**	**scarce-ly**	**whis-pered**

I had lived all my life in the town, and, except on two or three brief occasions, had scarcely ever been in the country. One summer I received an invitation from my uncle, who was a large farmer,

to spend two or three weeks with him, at his farm in one of the Midland counties. I readily accepted the kind invitation, and arranged with my employer to be absent from business about a fortnight towards the end of August.

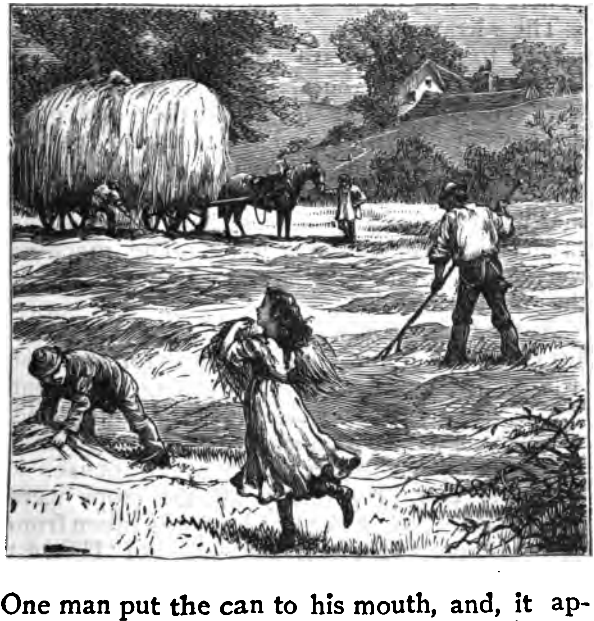
Oh, the delightful change from my high seat at the office desk to the pure, bracing atmosphere of my uncle's farm! In two or three days I had roamed about the country in all directions, always coming home to my meals as 'hungry as a hunter.' My great, strong, healthy-looking country cousins took great delight in showing me all the details of the farm. They tried very much to persuade me to give up my present employment and to go and live with them for good.

One of the most delightful recollections of that visit was the ingathering of the harvest, or, as they called it, the Harvest Home. The bright sunshine and the warm breezes had been ripening the wheat for a week or two; the large ears of wheat had become brown and golden. My uncle and his sons went every morning to examine it, so that they might give orders to cut it just at the right time.

At last the men put the sickle to the ripened grain and cut it down. The women and girls gathered the stalks into bundles and tied them up into sheaves. The sheaves were then piled up to dry. I took a turn at tying-up, but found that the slowest of the girls could tie up two bundles while I was tying up one. 'Well,' I thought, 'everything requires practice, or else I am not so clever as I thought I was.'

It was hard work in the hot sunshine, especially about the middle of the day, to reap,

and gather, and bind up the sheaves. All the family came into the harvest-field to help the reapers—aunt and uncle, and all my cousins, both male and female. Uncle was one of those farmers who believed in giving his men beer during harvest. And didn't the men drink!



One man put the can to his mouth, and, it appeared to me, kept it there for nearly ten minutes. Of course, I was mistaken in the time; but this I *did* notice, that the can made a much larger angle with his chin when he finished than it had done when he began to drink.

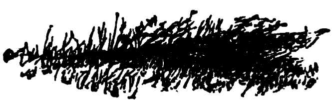
And then there was the mid-day lunch, in which

we all joined. The rounds of bread, and the lumps of meat and cheese, that disappeared were truly marvellous. One lad particularly amused me, and I couldn't resist the temptation to pass a joke about him. When for the twentieth time he opened his huge mouth, as though he would swallow the hay-stack, I whispered to uncle, 'There's a fine opening for a young man!'

The wheat, after it was cut and dried, was carried to the farm-yard and made into stacks. In one or two of the fields reaping machines were employed. At that time they had only just been invented, and had not come into general use. They evidently saved a great deal of labour. One or two horses can draw a machine that will cut down as much wheat in a day as twenty men can cut in a week. The machine works quietly, and cuts the straw without wasting the ears of ripe wheat.

At the time I am writing, I hear that my uncle has employed nothing but machines for the last two or three years; not for reaping only, but machines for ploughing, sowing, threshing, and all the hard work which used to be done by hand. He says they save time, labour, and expense.

By the end of my stay all the crops were gathered in. When the last load was taken from the field there were shouts and songs of 'Harvest Home!'



39. THIRSTY RATS.

al-lured, enticed
a-roused, woke up
car-go, ship load
de-signs, plans, intentions
de-voured, eaten up
en-count-er, fight
ev-i-dent, plain
ran-sacked, searched carefully
stowed, packed
trop-ic-al, hot

creas-es **crea-tures** **in-ju-ri-ous** **quench-ing** **re-solved** **sau-cers** **seized** **thirst-y**

Rats are thirsty creatures, and cannot live very long without something to drink. When they live on board ships they are often in great need of water, and show much skill and cleverness in seeking it; for, although there is plenty of water in the sea, they cannot drink it because of the salt it contains.

The captain of a large ship had a cargo of wheat, which was being devoured by rats. Day and night they were spoiling his wheat and making it unfit for the market. Traps were set, but somehow the rats could not be allured into them. They were so numerous and bold that the ship's cat would not encounter them, and the ship's dog turned tail when he saw them. It was not safe to poison them, for many reasons; and so the captain was pretty nearly at his wit's end to know what to do with them.

Upon the suggestion of an old sailor, he resolved to kill them with thirst. He carefully stowed away his casks of fresh water, and ordered his men to leave nothing about that the rats could drink. As the ship sailed through a tropical climate, the rats soon began to suffer. They came on deck and licked the sailors' clothes that

were drying after being washed. They ran up the rigging to drink the rain-water that had lodged in the folds and creases of the sails. They broke into the store-room and drank the oil. They ransacked the ship from end to end in search of fresh water.

It soon became evident to the crew that the rats were dying of thirst. But it did not suit the designs of the captain that they should die in any part of the ship. They were so numerous, and would creep into every hole and corner to die, that even after death they might become injurious to the ship unless they could be seized and thrown overboard. The captain, to avoid this, ordered several saucers of rum to be left about for them to drink. The rats drank the rum like water, and very soon began to behave very much as drunken men do. They reeled, and staggered, and raced about the deck as long as they could, and when they fell down they were easily caught. The sailors had no difficulty in killing them and throwing them into the sea. The cat and dog belonging to the ship also caught a large number, so that by the time the ship arrived in port there was scarcely a rat to be found.

The first night in port gave the few rats that were left an opportunity of quenching their thirst. They came on deck, and the watchman saw them creeping over the side of the ship and walking along the ropes to the shore. When they had all made the journey, he aroused the sailors, who immediately covered every rope with thorns and prickly gorse, to prevent the rats from returning. Every hole through which they could pass was plugged up, lest another family of them should take up their abode in the ship.

40. THE YOUNG MOUSE.

con-struct, build
cran-nies, open cracks
ex-cur-sion, ramble
ex-quis-ite, nice
re-sid-ed, lived
roam, wander about
se-cure-ly, safely
se-date, staid, quiet

cup-board **en-treat** **ex-act-ly** **squeeze**
dain-ties **en-vied** **re-quires** **ter-ri-ble**

In a crack near a cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, which was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
That her grey, sedate parent expressed some surprise.

'O mother,' said she, 'the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

'The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

'And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

'But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you.'

'Ah! child,' said her mother, 'believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good:
They would catch us and kill us all there if they could,
As they've caught and killed scores; and I never could learn
That a mouse who once entered did ever return.'

MORAL.

Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them keep out of the way.

41. THE RUINED ABBEY.

alms, gifts to the poor	**mas-sive**, large, heavy
con-ver-sa-tion, talk	**spa-cious**, roomy, large
e-rec-tion, building	**state-ly**, lofty, grand
in-struct, teach	**vice**, wickedness

bap-tized	**err-ors**	**or-na-ment-al**	**sil-ver-y**
ben-e-fit	**fav-our-ite**	**pa-tient**	**shel-tered**
con-di-tion	**mem-or-ies**	**ru-ined**	**speech**

Our picture, which represents a ruined abbey with its walls covered with ivy, well deserves our notice. The silvery light of the moon gives great beauty to the picture. As the abbey stands, with its massive walls and carved towers pointing to the skies, it speaks to us of other times, and tells us of great changes in the condition of the people.

Of course, the voice of the abbey is not one that our ears can listen to; it is one that speaks to our minds and hearts. There are other voices besides those which we use every moment in conversation and speech. Some men will pick up a stone and learn from it what has been going on in the earth below for many ages. Others will look into the sky and hear the stars tell of the goodness and wisdom of their great Creator. And so the old ruined abbey has *its* story to tell. It fills our minds with memories of the past; it carries us back in thought for hundreds of years; and, to those who are patient and willing to learn, it will instruct us in the history of our land.

Most of the old abbeys in this country have been neglected or destroyed. The names of a

few, now in ruins, are well known to most English people. Bolton Abbey, Fountain's Abbey, Furness Abbey, and Kirkstall Abbey have long been favourite places of interest to those who admire beauty in decay. Although most of those are quite in ruins, yet, as we wander about among their stately towers, we cannot but think of their former beauty and greatness.



The abbeys were the religious houses of past ages. There the prayers were said, the hymns sung, the children baptized, and the dead buried. The best workmanship and the highest skill of the times were employed in their erection. Something of this may be seen in the stone carvings which remain. No other buildings at that

time were so beautiful, so ornamental, so spacious, or so costly.

They were also the seats of learning. Books, music, paintings, and works of art were to be found there. In many parts of the country they were the only schools where people could learn to read and write. In times of war the student could find peace and quiet in the abbey, and follow his studies.

Besides this, they were the almshouses of the land. Here the poor were fed, the stranger lodged, and the outcast sheltered. From time to time large sums of money and gifts of land were left to those abbeys, and they became rich. As long as their wealth was spent in doing good, they must have been a great benefit to this country, and one could wish they had continued to prosper to this day.

But time, which brings changes to all things, brought changes to the abbeys. Churches and schools and poorhouses were scattered over the land in every town and village. Many of the abbeys became too wealthy, and ceased to do their work well. The men who governed them fell into serious errors, and some into vice. This brought them under the displeasure of governments and rulers. Their power was taken away, as well as their money, and the abbeys became neglected. Some were entirely overthrown, whilst most of the rest are now in ruins.

42. THE BARBER'S POLE.

badge, sign
com-ment, note, remark
cur-i-os-i-ty, desire to know
ham-lets, small villages
in-di-ca-ted, showed
lan-cet, a doctor's knife
pre-scribed, ordered
pro-fes-sions, callings, trades
rel-ic, remain
sug-gest-ed, hinted, named

cur-i-ous **law-yer** **pic-tures** **sim-i-lar**
gen-er-a-tions **neigh-bour-hood** **ques-tion** **sur-geons**

'I wonder what that pole means which you always see in front of a barber's shop?' said little George to his brother Edward one day as they went home from school.

'I really don't know,' said Edward. 'It can't be the barber's walking-stick, because it is too long and too thick, and besides it is always there. But next time I get my hair cut I'll ask Mr. Clipper, the barber, if it means anything at all.'

A few days after the above conversation, the two little boys had occasion to visit the barber, and failed not to put the question to him about the pole. 'Well now, my lads,' said the smiling barber, 'that pole of mine is as good as a book to me. It speaks to me of ages long gone by, and tells me of real, solid progress that has been made. Yes, it has a strange history, has that pole. A great many years ago it didn't always point the way into a shop like this. Now, I daresay you wonder what is the meaning of those red and white stripes round my pole?'

'Oh yes, we do,' said little George; 'do tell us all about the pole.'

'Well,' said Mr. Clipper, 'I am glad to see you have an inquiring mind, and I'll do my best to

satisfy your curiosity. You are only a little mite of a boy, but you are the first who has ever asked me what the pole on the outside of my shop meant. As I said before, the pole is a relic of the past, and its history is a strange comment on the manners and customs of our forefathers. It belongs to the times when very few people could read or write. If you want any particular shop now-a-days, you just look at the name above the door, "John Figs, grocer," or "James Yards, tailor," and you know where to go; but in those times the common people could not have read the names, and had to find the shop by means of curious signs or strange pictures.'

'Could they not have told by looking in at the shop windows?' suggested Edward.

'That is true, my man,' said the barber; 'but there were many trades and professions that had nothing to put in the window, and many of the shops had no windows at all. For instance, what could a lawyer or a doctor put in his window to show his calling? In fact, I was just going to explain that to you.

'The barbers of past generations were the surgeons and doctors too. The staff or pole was their badge of office, and indicated the street and house where they might be found. They used to travel about from place to place, visiting the hamlets and villages of the neighbourhood, and wherever they lived for the time was known by the pole being fixed in front of the house. You see the pole was easily carried about, and the patients could at once see where a doctor could be found.

'You have often noticed the signs on the public-houses, such as "The Red Lion," "The

Blue Pig," and "The King's Head." In the narrow, crooked streets of our large towns a hundred years ago, you might have seen similar signs creaking and swinging to and fro outside the houses to attract the attention of customers. In the same way the grocers, the drapers, the butchers, the tailors, the shoemakers, and the hatters hung samples of their goods over the door to tempt purchasers. Among all these signs the barber's pole, or, we might almost say, the doctor's pole, was easily found when wanted.

'And now I am coming to the stripes. The chief remedy prescribed by the doctors of those days was bleeding. No matter what the complaint was,—head-ache, face-ache, tooth-ache, fever, asthma, palsy, or gout,—the remedy was bleeding, either by leeches or the lancet. They used to open a vein and take out of the body several ounces of blood. Then the wound was bound up, and the blood ceased to flow. The red and white stripes round the pole are intended to represent the bandages.

'How many lives were lost by people bleeding to death, I cannot tell. Science, however, has wrought a great change. By the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and the spread of knowledge through the land, a change has come over the opinions and habits of the people. Doctors now very seldom bleed their patients; but what concerns me most is, that barbers have very little doctors' work to do now. They have quite enough to do in shaving, wig-making, and hair-dressing. If the pay isn't quite so good, the toil and danger are a good deal less.

'So now, my young friends, I hope you know a little about the meaning of the barber's pole.'

43. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ban-dit-ti, robbers
Bin-gen, a town on the Rhine
for-tress, castle
low-er, grow dark
oc-cu-pa-tions, business
raid, rush
scaled, climbed
tur-ret, small tower

Al-leg-ra **de-vour** **en-twine** **mous-tache**
de-scend-ing **dun-geon** **mould-er** **whis-per**

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;

If I try to escape they surround me,
  They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
  Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
  In his mouse-tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
  Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
  Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
  And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
  In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
  Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
  And moulder in dust away!

LONGFELLOW.

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44. THE MOTHER OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

ac-quired, got
de-feat-ed, overcame, beat
dil-i-gent, attentive
dis-po-si-tion, temper
found-ed, established, set up
in-va-ded, marched into
po-ems, poetry
sub-mit, give in, yield

an-noy-ance	**cor-rect-ly**	**ex-cel-lent**	**wealth**
con-nect-ed	**ex-am-ple**	**qual-i-ties**	**woman**

Alfred the Great was born in days when the people in this country were in trouble. Large numbers of people, called Danes, invaded the


R.E.G.
Todd

shores of England, and carried fire and sword through the land. His father, the king, was not strong enough to drive them out, so for years he had to submit to much annoyance.

The mother of Alfred was a wise and good woman, who taught and trained her children with great care. She knew that courage and strength were not the only things needed to make her boys grow up great men, so she taught her children, as far as she could, to be wise and good. Four of her sons in turn were kings of England, but the most noted of them was Alfred.

While they were young she taught them to read and write. There were very few books then, because they had all to be written by hand. The book you see in her hand is very likely her prayer-book, which she often used in teaching them to read. One day she showed the boys a book full of beautiful pictures, which they admired very much. She told them that she would give it to the one who should first learn the book off by heart. In a very little while Alfred came to his mother, said the whole book correctly, and carried off the prize. Now, as he was the youngest boy, don't you think he was a clever little fellow?

Under his mother's careful teaching he grew fond of study, and acquired that love of learning which was so useful to him in after-life. He made the best use of his time, and laid the foundations of that greatness which is always connected with his name.

When Alfred was a little boy he went with his father to Rome. He saw so many strange things on the way, and learned so much in Rome,

that he made up his mind even then, although only four or five years old, to become one of the wisest men in the country. For many years he had no teacher but his mother, but he was so diligent that he made great progress, and became very clever. He committed to memory many of the old Saxon poems, saying them over to his mother, who was very proud of her little scholars.

As a boy, he had many other excellent qualities, which, with his generous and loving disposition, obtained for him the title of 'The darling of England.'

When he became a man he did not forget the teaching of his mother, nor did he give up those good habits he had acquired. He became a great king. He defeated the Danes, and made them submit to him. He founded schools where the children of his people could be taught to read and write. He made wise and just laws to govern the land; used his wealth and power to improve the people; and built ships to protect the country.

Learning, painting, and all works of art and skill found in him a constant friend. He sought out learned men from other countries, and brought them over to England to instruct the people. He lived a long, happy, and useful life. When he died, after a reign of thirty years, he left a good name and a noble example.

He owed much of his greatness and skill to his mother. Without her he might have grown up like other princes of his times, fond of war and bloodshed. She gave him the means of winning power that the sword alone could never win. She taught him also that he that ruleth

his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city. All honour to the mother of Alfred the Great.

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45. CHARLEY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

braid, trimming	**ex-ist-ence**, life, being
de-clared, said	**pro-posed**, wanted, wished
e-nor-mous, very large	**re-la-ted**, told

eat-a-ble	**or-na-ment-ed**	**re-mem-bered**	**squeez-ing**
knick-er-bock-er	**pos-ses-sion**	**sleeves**	**trou-sers**
mis-chief	**prom-i-ses**	**sponge**	**va-ri-ous**

Charley was a fine little fellow of eight years of age, who went about the world in a knicker-bocker suit. He had just had a new suit for Christmas, made of velvet, trimmed with braid, and ornamented with silvery buttons. He felt highly important in this velvet suit, and, of course, made no end of promises to take care of it.

But Charley was very much like all other boys, and could just as easily forget his promises when the chance of doing a bit of mischief presented itself, and so the new suit came to grief in a very early stage of its existence.

Charley was invited to a Christmas party, and, of course, the velvet suit went too. During the evening several of the boys, who were bent upon having as much fun as possible, dressed Charley in a paper cap of various colours, and blacked his face. They then proposed that he should go outside and show himself through the window. Now, as the window was some little distance from the ground, he had to climb, and in doing

so he tore the sleeves of his coat and both knees of his trousers. You can imagine how he looked when he found what he had done to his new velvet suit.

However, the supper was just ready, so Charley soon forgot his trouble for the time, and made up his mind to make up his supper by tasting everything eatable that was on the table. The result was that he ate sadly too much.

Now, it nearly always happens that people who eat too much supper just before going to bed have their sleep disturbed by unpleasant dreams. And so it was with Charley, as he related to his mother the next morning.

He dreamt that Father Christmas was squeezing him up tightly in his cold, icy arms, and that he turned him into a ragged boy, with his elbows and knees peeping out from his clothes. Then he thought he saw a very large snowball come rolling towards him. But just as it reached him it stretched out a long neck, and opened such a wide mouth, that Charley thought it was going to eat him. He felt quite sure it was the goose that was on the supper-table, and that it had come to punish him for eating its wing. Just behind it was another curious-looking creature. Its tail looked like an enormous Chinese fan, and it seemed to puff itself out larger and larger until it grew quite red in the face. Then Charley remembered that he had had a slice of turkey for supper, and made sure this was the one he had tasted. At last a very strange fancy took possession of him. He thought he saw the large bath-room sponge on a dish, and that flies and beetles were creeping in and out the holes in it, fighting over bits of sugar-candy. All at

once some one put a blazing blue light all round it, and Charley discovered that the sponge turned out to be the plum-pudding, of which he had had two helps at supper. The flies and beetles were the currants and raisins, and the bits of sugar-candy the candied peel. Then Charley awoke, finding his head where his feet should be, and his pillow on the floor. He had had such a restless night that he declared his head felt as heavy as a cold plum-pudding, and that he would never again tear his clothes nor eat twice as much as he ought to.

E. M. G.

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46. THE BONNIE WEE BIRD.

aye, always, ever
blithe, merry
kai-ser, emperor, ruler
sore, badly
trilled, sang sweetly
wee, little

bon-nie **haw-thorn** **moan** **Par-a-dise**
flush **hope-ful** **na-tions** **op-prest**

When I was young, and blithe, and free,
A wee bird sat in the hawthorn tree;
Ever at morn its sweet notes rang,
Ever at night it trilled and sang:
'Love is the ruler of the wise,
Love is the light of earth and skies,
Love is the path to Paradise.'

And now that the flush of youth is gone,
Still the bonnie wee bird sings gaily on;
I hear it high in the summer cloud,
I hear it clear when the storm grows loud:
'The wrong is wrong but for a day;
The wild wind blows the smoke away;
The right is right for ever and aye.'

When nations moan in wild unrest,
By king or kaiser sore opprest,
I hear far off that wee bird's song—
Sad, yet hopeful; sweet, but strong:
'The sword shall fail them by and by;
The people's hour is drawing nigh.'
Bonnie wee bird, sing high! sing high!

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47. PLAYING AT MARBLES.

cau-tion, great care, forethought
in-qui-ry, seeking to know
pru-dent, careful, wise
re-cords, register, writings
stud-y, learning
u-ni-ver-si-ty, a number of colleges

a-muse	**col-lege**	**lang-uage**	**play-mates**
clev-er	**dil-i-gent**	**ne-cess-ar-y**	**prac-tice**

I am too old to play marbles now, but I like to stand and watch the boys having a game. How long the game has been known in England I cannot tell, but I hope it will continue to amuse children for many ages to come. The other day I was looking through some old records of the University of Cambridge, and was highly amused to see a rule forbidding students to play at marbles on the college steps. I suppose that in olden times young men were given more to play than to study, and that it was necessary to have such a rule in force.

To win a game at marbles must require some effort and thought. It is a game of skill, and needs practice. I should hardly think an idle, careless, thoughtless boy would ever make a

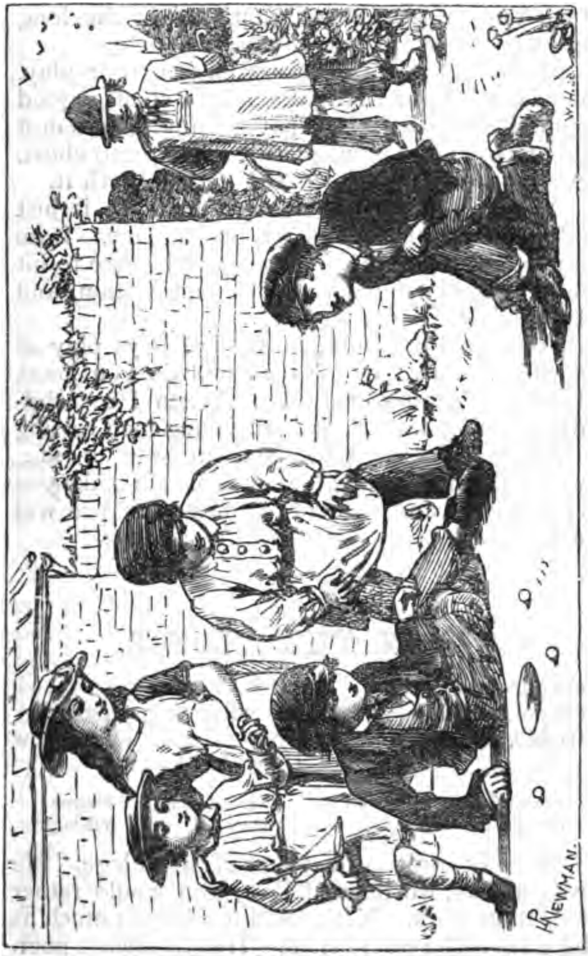
good marble player. Last week I stood to watch a few boys play at this game. One of them was a famous player; some people would call him a 'crack shot.' If a marble was within ten yards, he would hit it in a moment. One after another he knocked the other marbles over and won the game.

'Now,' thought I, 'I shouldn't wonder if that boy is a right clever fellow in school. Boys who are clever at marbles are, as a rule, clever at their work. I should not be surprised if that boy is at the top of his class. A boy who can beat his playmates in their games can generally beat them at their lessons.'

Upon inquiry, I found that the smart little fellow who won the game at marbles was really the top of his class. The master of the school told me that Dicky (for that was the boy's name) was as earnest, diligent, and quick at his lessons as he was at his play. When he was in school, he worked with a will, and carried off the prizes; when he was at play, he played with a will too, and beat all the other boys.

There is a great deal to be learnt from a game of marbles. It is a game that is sure to try your temper. If you are winning, you will be tempted to be bold and daring in your play. You will begin to think that it is so easy to win that you cannot lose. Presently you cease to watch, and then you find out your mistake.

If you are losing, you are in danger of losing your temper as well. It is rather hard to keep on losing when you are doing your best. You will find as you grow older the same thing to happen to you in many other matters besides playing at marbles. But if you lose your temper,



and get angry, it will not mend matters. Keep your temper, play steadily on, and in the long run the cleverest boy will win.

But whether you lose or win, have fair play. Do what is fair and right. Never spoil a good game by cheating. Do not let anything tempt you to use bad language, to tell a lie, or to cheat. All the marbles in the world are not worth it.

You see the boy in the picture. He is just taking his last chance of winning a game. If he misses this time, the next boy will be sure to hit it. So he is playing with care and caution, and I hope he will win.

As I said before, I like to see boys play at marbles. Any game of skill will do you good. Beware of games of chance. When I see children tossing money, and see young men tossing *for* money, I expect to see them grow up idle, worthless, and wicked. Games of skill make you clever, wise, and prudent; games of chance will never make you wiser, stronger, or better.

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48. IN THE STOCKS.

char-ac-ters, persons
dis-po-si-tion, liking
fee-ble, not strong
hale, healthy
threat-en-ing, promising
vag-a-bond, idle fellow without home

ar-ranged	**po-ta-toes**	**quar-rel-some**	**ter-ror**
dis-grace	**pun-ish-ment**	**rogue**	**vil-lage**

Tom Brown was the terror of the village. He was a lazy, worthless fellow, who would rather beg than work. If he could not beg as much as he wanted, he would steal. He was always poor.

He had no proper home of his own, so he had often to sleep in a barn or near a haystack. No farmer would have him near, if he could help it; for Tom would light his pipe in the barns and stables, to the great danger of the hay and straw.

It was not because Tom was weak and feeble that he was so poor. He was as strong and hale as any man you might see in the village; but he had no disposition to work. He was often drunk and quarrelsome; and he had often been in prison, but his punishment seemed to have done him no good.

One day he had been drinking and fighting, and the whole village took up the case. The people said he was a disgrace to them, that he was a rogue and a vagabond, and ought to be severely punished.

Now there stood on the village green the stocks, which had been used for more than a hundred years for the punishment of such characters as Tom. These stocks were two upright stone pillars, with cross-bars of wood between them. There were holes in these bars large enough to put a man's legs through, and so arranged that his feet could be made fast that he could not run away.

To these stocks the men carried Tom Brown. They put his legs through, made his feet fast, locked him up, and left him to think over his folly and wickedness. As he sat on a block of stone, with his feet so fast that he could not move, he began to feel very uneasy. The people came to look at his dirty face and torn clothes, and stood in front of him talking about him.

Tom did not like to hear what they said about

him, and became very angry; but he could not reach them to do any harm. He made so much noise, however, and said so many bad words, that a mob gathered round and pelted him with potatoes, eggs, mud, stones, and dirt. He was soon glad enough to beg for mercy and promise to behave himself for the future. The people insisted upon his leaving the village entirely, threatening that if he ever came again they would throw him into the middle of the horse-pond, and then lock him in the stocks for a day and a night.

As soon as Tom was set free he marched off from the village, and never came back. He was heard to say that he did not care for the prison, but he would never go into the stocks again if he could help it. What became of him no one ever knew. Let us hope he became a sober, honest, well-behaved man. He was certainly the last man who had his feet made fast in the stocks of that village.

49. THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LONGFELLOW.

50. SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morn to break,
  And colour the eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake;
Then say to each other, 'Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
  And our bread for a long supply.'

And off we hie to the hill and dell,
  To the field, to the meadow and bower;
We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search for the balm in its fragrant cell,
  The mint and the rosemary flower.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

51. IN THE DESERT.

car-a-vans, companies
dense, thick, heavy
fer-tile, fruitful
ja-ded, tired
Nap-o-le-on, an emperor of France
urg-ing, pressing forward
van-ish, disappear
yield-ing, giving way

bar-ren	**de-cep-tion**	**o-a-ses**	**scenes**
cam-els	**jour-ney**	**re-flec-tion**	**wastes**
chan-nels	**mis-ta-ken**	**re-lief**	**whirls**

Our next beautiful picture represents a scene in the desert. The deserts of Arabia and Africa are barren, sandy wastes, extending sometimes for

hundreds of square miles without a single fertile spot. They are generally crossed by caravans of men and camels. Here and there are fertile spots, called *oases*, where palm-trees grow, and where grass and water can be found. These oases are the resting-places of the journey, where food and shelter can be had.

In crossing these deserts men sometimes lose their way, and after wandering about for several days, fall down and die of thirst. You notice that the company in the picture are provided with camels. These animals are the only beasts of burden which can cross the desert with safety. The camel can live for many days without a fresh supply of water. It has feet so spread out that it can walk on the yielding sand without sinking. It can bear the terrible journey perhaps better than any other creature.

You would think from the picture that the travellers are very near one of those oases. The palm-trees, the bushes, the tall grass, and the glad streams of water seem but a short distance off. And so the poor men believe. One of their number has fallen to the ground, and is dying from thirst; but the rest are pointing to the relief which seems within easy reach of them. Poor travellers! they are sadly mistaken.

As they march on, clapping their hands for joy, and urging on their jaded camels to reach the spot, the scene flies before them. The palm-trees and shrubs and water fade from their sight, and they only find themselves still in an ocean of sand.

Have they, then, all been dreaming, or has a strange imagination taken hold of every one at

the same time? No; it is only one of those strange things which happen in the desert. What they saw was a picture only, and not anything real. It is called a *mirage;* and is



caused by the strange condition of the air in those hot, dry regions.

When the sun shines upon the sand it often makes it look, in the distance, like a large lake. Sometimes it is the real picture of some far

distant oasis, which seems to be near. In either case it deceives the traveller, who hurries on, only to find himself bitterly disappointed. When Napoleon was in Egypt, his soldiers were often misled by this first kind of mirage. Approaching a village in mid-day, it would appear like an island in the middle of a vast lake. To make the deception more complete, under the village would appear its reflection, upside down, just as if it had been in the midst of a sheet of water. As the soldiers came up to the village, the image would vanish, and the lake would turn into a great waste of sand.

Oh, how great the disappointment must be to the travellers who find themselves thus deceived! It is enough to make them lose heart and give up hope. But that would never do. They must press on or else they will perish.

These deserts are often swept by storms. The hot, scorching wind gathers the sand and whirls it round in blinding clouds. While the storm lasts men and beasts must lie down; they must wait until it has spent its fury. The masses of hot sand are so dense that they can scarcely breathe. When the storm is over, the air becomes clearer, and the men continue their journey.

The great want of the desert is water. Wherever water is found there are trees and grass and fertile soil. In some parts of India and Egypt channels of water have been made and the desert turned into fruitful fields.

52. LITTLE DOBBIN.

at-tempt, try	**curve**, bend
be-ware, take care	**ex-press**, very fast

ac-ci-dent	**en-quire**	**help-less-ness**	**rail-way**
bruised	**ex-cuse**	**oc-ca-sion**	**thought-ful**
cau-tion	**fa-vour-ite**	**po-ny**	**thou-sand**

Little Dobbin was the name of a favourite pony. The following story will show that a pony can be thoughtful. During the hay-harvest, a boy was sent with Little Dobbin and the cart from the farm to the hay-field. On his way to the field he had to cross the railway by two gates on opposite sides of the line.

He was told before he started to beware of the trains, and not attempt to cross till both gates were open. Besides this, there were notices on the gates giving the same caution; so that he had no excuse for doing wrong.

As he drove along the road two little boys asked to ride with him. He lifted them into the cart and gave them a ride, which they enjoyed very much. When they came to the gates leading across the line, he opened the first one, and tried to drive the pony across the line without opening the other gate.

Dobbin refused to go when he told it, and this vexed him so much that he began to use the whip. The pony gave him a good deal of trouble, when he lost his temper, and he had to spend some minutes in trying to make it do as he wished.

Now, Dobbin had often crossed the line before, but both gates had always been opened at

once, to allow it to drive across without waiting. On this occasion it knew the other gate was closed, and would not go on without the whip.

At last the boy made it cross to the other gate, and closed the one they had just passed through. While he was unfastening the gate on the other side, an express train came round the curve towards him at full speed. He saw he could not open the gate in time. It was too late to turn back, and he could not go forward, so he began to cry in fear and helplessness.

The driver of the train blew his whistle and tried to stop the train, but he could not pull up in time. The pony drew itself into a corner by the gate, and tried to draw the cart out of danger. But the engine caught the tail of the cart and broke it into a thousand pieces. The two little boys in the cart were tossed like shuttle-cocks into the air, and fell on the top of a high hedge.

They were very much frightened, bruised, and scratched; it is a wonder they were not killed. The pony was not hurt, but greatly frightened. The boy himself clung to the gate, shouting and crying for help, but not much the worse for the danger. He had led others into danger, and they had suffered for his fault.

If this boy had done as the farmer had told him, or if he had been as wise as Little Dobbin, there would have been no accident. Such boys as he not only get themselves into trouble, but often cause other people to suffer.

53. LIBERTY.

game, hares, rabbits, etc.
nib-ble, bite
plat-ter, flat dish
rick, small heap
scamp-er, run off quickly
scraps, small broken pieces

com-pare	**friend**	**hur-ries**	**safe-ly**
con-stant	**han-dle**	**pre-par-ing**	**vel-vets**

A big brown rat that lives in town,
Wrote to a country brother,
And said, 'Come, dear, and stay with me,
I would not ask another.

'I wish to show you my grand home,
My carpets, velvets, silks;
I do not feed on scraps like you,
But live on cakes and milk.

'I shall expect you Monday next
To see my splendid house;
I'm sure you'll hate a country life,
Fit only for a mouse.'

When Monday comes, with well-licked coat
Rat hurries off to town,
And creeping slowly through a hole,
He meets his friend in brown.

The feast begins—they nibble game,
They drink from silver platter;
'What do you think of this gay life?'
Asks Brown, amid the clatter.

'It is first rate,' says country rat,
'I think I'll join you here;

There's no compare—dear me! what's that?'
He cries, with sudden fear.

For at the door sounds 'bow, wow, wow!'
And next a handle turns;
You should see how they scamper now;
Each heart with terror burns.

Over goes dish, and glass, and fork,
Over rolls grape and bone;
To see the fright of country rat
Would move a heart of stone.

Though safely hidden now, he turns,
Preparing to depart.
'Stop!' cries his friend; 'don't go for this;
Think of our food—take heart.'

'I'd rather lead a quiet life
In my poor rick of hay,
Than share your feasts in constant fear;
My dear town rat, good-day.'



54. THE NEW YEAR'S STORY.

ad-vent, coming	**lux-ur-ies**, dainties
en-deav-our, try	**mourned**, grieved for
ex-ist-ence, life	**pangs**, pain
gra-cious, kind, favourable	**strewn**, spread about
greet-ings, kind wishes	**to-ken**, sign
guests, visitors	**warn-ing**, notice

ar-riv-al	**ex-pres-sions**	**par-cels**	**wel-come**
an-nounced	**kit-chen**	**sighed**	**win-dows**

I came in the early morning,
  When children were all in bed,
As the old church bells gave warning
  That the grand old year was dead.

I found that many mourned him as a friend, for he had brought them happiness and success, together with a large share of this world's good things. Some feared that I might not be as gracious as he had been. Others hoped that my advent was to them a token for good. They had fared hardly while the old year had stayed with them,

For the bitter pangs of sorrow
  Had entered their hearts and homes;
They hoped for a brighter to-morrow,
  And sighed 'When the new year comes!'

All was dark and still outside when I first appeared on the earth. Some were waiting for my coming, for there were lights in the windows. As soon as Father Time announced my arrival, all who were waiting up for me gave me welcome, and wished each other and everybody else all the



good wishes they could think of. In fact, they seemed to spend the first hour of my existence in warm greetings and expressions of kindly feeling.

Nor by them was the wish unheeded,
That all absent friends, and dear,
Might have all the blessings needed
To make them a glad new year.

Sleep at last took possession of all who had waited to welcome me. As all was quiet, and it would be some time before I should throw a new year's light over the earth, I took the opportunity of looking into some of the homes around me.

I have not time to tell you all I saw, as at most I shall remain here but a short time, and have abundance of work to do. But as you would like to know a little of what I saw, I will endeavour to put before you two or three pictures of

Homes full of pleasure and gladness,
Homes that were joyous and gay;
And some that had sorrow and sadness
As guests on the new year's day.

I took particular notice of a home where dwelt a family of eight—father,



mother, and six children. From what I saw I knew that the happiness of this family did not consist in their wealth merely, but in the love they bore each other, and the joy of doing good. The table was strewn with little new year's gifts from each to each, presents awaited the servants in the kitchen; while even the dog and cat were not forgotten, for a new ribbon and bell for each of them lay waiting to be tied on when the children came down in the morning. Then the table in the hall was loaded with parcels for the poor. And in thus doing good they had a 'Happy New Year.'

Not far away was a very wealthy home. Its inmates, six in number, were lavish with their money in providing for their own ease and comfort, but remembered not the poor around them. No one envied them their luxuries, because they were so purely selfish. *They* knew not that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

The poor homes I looked into were very numerous. Some were wretchedly poor. Others were clean and tidy, but their scanty furniture and the bare walls told of a hard struggle for existence.

A poor widow lived in one, trying hard to feed her two little ones with the money she earned by her needle. But this she failed to do, as she was so badly paid for her work. It was quite evident that she at least, if not her children also, would not live to see another new year.

They were dying of hunger and cold,
  While thousands had much they might spare;
What joy had a spare piece of gold
  This day have found its way there!

Such was the difference in the homes I saw. No doubt, there will be changes in most of them before I take my leave of earth. Some will have more sorrow, some more joy, than any previous year has brought them. Some will be poorer, some will be richer; but

'Tis not wealth will give you pleasure,
  Unless you rightly use it;
What use to you a golden treasure
  If you keep it to abuse it?
The joy of doing kindly deeds,
  In the hope sad hearts to cheer,
The careful thought of others' needs,
  Will give you a glad new year.

E. M. G.

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55. LION HUNTING.

de-vours, eats up
haunts, places where they live
in-fest-ed, disturbed
lair, den, retreat
ma-jes-tic, stately
nim-ble, quick
res-cued, saved
tract, district, region

at-tack **at-tract-ing** **claws** **cru-el-ty** **in-jured** **mis-sion-a-ry** **ter-ri-ble** **vic-tim**

The lion lives among the mountains and forests of Africa. No doubt it makes a very nice picture, but it is a terrible foe to meet. Some people call it a noble animal, a majestic brute, the 'king of the forest,' and a great many other names of that kind. I fancy they would not think so well of it if they were once within reach of its claws. It is often as fierce and



savage as any other animal we know, and but very few have ever been tamed.

The lion will sometimes leave his native haunts and enter villages, carrying off horses and cattle. It will sometimes attack men and women, and kill them. It is so strong and fierce, that the native people of those African villages are afraid of it and fly before it.

A traveller from the banks of the Nile has brought home strange tales about the cruelty of this animal. It will seize a man, and hurt him at first just a little. Then it will let him go for a short distance, and catch him again. In this way it will play with him, as a cat plays with a mouse, until it is tired, and then devours him.

When a tract of country has been infested with lions for some time, the hunters go out into the forests to hunt them. If they can find the lair of the lion, and catch the young ones, they take them away, and lie in wait for the old ones.

This is a work of great danger, for the lion is exceedingly nimble. It will spring upon its victim like a cat. Its teeth and claws are very strong and sharp, and with them it tears its victim to pieces. If the lion is wounded, the pain makes it more savage and fierce. A friend of mine was once seized by the terrible strong claws of a lion. He expected every moment to be torn in pieces. His companions, who were not twenty yards from him, durst not fire for fear of killing him instead of the beast. In a moment, a native hit upon the plan of attracting the lion's attention by throwing a dog near it. Quick as thought this was done. While the lion turned for a second to the dog, a well-directed bullet pierced his skull, and he rolled over as dead as a

log of wood. The man's life was saved; but he had two ugly scars, which he wears to this day.

The celebrated traveller and missionary, Dr. Livingstone, was once caught by a wounded lion, and injured. The bones of his arm were broken, and he would have been killed if his friends had not rescued him just in time.

When the lion is surrounded, it faces the hunters boldly, and springs at one of them. Then is the moment for a sure and steady aim. A shot from a rifle in the head or heart will lay the lion low. If the hunter should miss his aim,—if he should break a leg, or inflict a flesh wound only,—his life is not worth much, unless his companions can save him.

Lion hunters need to be men of great skill and courage. Generally they are. It is seldom they have need to fire twice at the same lion. Many of them take great pride in their work, and will boast how many lions they have shot. The natives rejoice greatly when the hunters return safely, bringing the skins of their foes with them.

———o———

56. MAGGIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

ar-range-ments, plans
ben-e-fit, service, good
fet-ters, chains
fore-thought, thinking before
grad-u-al-ly, step by step
neigh-bour, one who lives near
pru-dence, wisdom, caution
wrought, made

bel-lows	**daugh-ter**	**fault**	**neg-lect-ed**
break-fast	**dis-ap-point-ment**	**fu-ture**	**pre-pared**

Maggie Miller was a tall, strong girl, with a kind heart and a good temper; but she was wanting in forethought and prudence. She was

a very useful girl in most respects, but she would have been more useful still if she had not had this fault. She could, and did, help her mother in the house and on the farm; but she never thought of the future, or prepared for the duties of to-morrow. Her mother often said to her, 'Maggie, Maggie, your head will never save your heels.'

She wanted to go with her mother to the market one Saturday. She knew her work must be done, and the breakfast prepared, before the train was due. Now, most girls would have worked hard on Friday night so as to have nothing to do, or very little indeed, on Saturday morning. But Maggie thought there would be 'plenty of time;' so she neglected her proper duties, and spent her time in needless work.

Saturday morning came. She rose early, and bustled about a long time. She polished the grate, and then lighted the fire. Perhaps it would be more correct to say she *tried* to light the fire; for the wood was wet,—she had forgotten to dry it the night before,—so it smoked and hissed, and went out. Well, the clock was going on all the time, you know, and poor Maggie was in a sad way. Then the coals were wet, because they had been out in the rain all night. She could not find the bellows, for she had used them in the wash-house, and left them there without knowing.

So the time flew by, and her work was not done. Her mother had to wait some time for breakfast, and then run off at once to catch the train.

Of course, she went alone. When she was gone, Maggie sat down and cried for disappoint-

ment. She blamed the wood, and the coals, and the bellows, and even the poor old kettle; but she did not blame herself.

A neighbour's daughter looked in, and seeing Maggie crying, asked what was the matter. Now, Maggie was rather ashamed to tell her, because she had begun to think already that, after all, it was her own fault. So she made the best excuse she could, and got rid of the other's question.

She dried her tears, and sat down to think about her want of thought. She saw that her disappointment had arisen from her habit of putting off, and, like a brave girl that she was, she resolved to overcome this habit. Instead of saying, 'Plenty of time yet,' she determined she would say, 'I will do it *now*.'

And she carried this into practice. When she had work to do, she took care to have all things ready before she began. When she had to go to market or anywhere else, she made all her arrangements beforehand. Gradually she broke the fetters of her bad habit. Her mother was much pleased to see the improvement in her. She would say, 'I cannot tell you, Maggie, how much comfort I receive from your thoughtfulness and prudence, nor how much benefit you will find from it yourself. You can now understand the meaning of that line, "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." Persevere, Maggie, and you will spare much pain to yourself and others.'

It was a work of time and labour, but she conquered her habit. She is now a prudent, thoughtful woman, and often speaks of the lesson she learned from her disappointment.

57. STOP THIEF.

at-tached, belonging to
con-fessed, told of
des-per-ate, very great
es-cape, get away
or-chard, garden of fruit-trees
seized, took hold of
sim-i-lar, like
trans-gress-ors, sinners

bruised **climb-ing** **hon-est-y** **shak-ing**
char-ac-ter **gen-tle-man** **po-lice** **steal-ing**

A gentleman who lived in a large house near London had a very large orchard attached to his grounds. This orchard was surrounded by a high wall, to prevent men and boys from getting into it and stealing the fruit. Close by lived a man called Darby, whose character for honesty was not the best in the world.

One fine moonlight night Darby went to rob his neighbour's orchard. He took an empty sack with him, hoping to fill it with some of the ripe fruit. He had no great difficulty in climbing the wall and getting into the garden. People who afterwards heard of it, said he had done similar things many times, they were sure.

He filled his sack with apples, which dropped from the trees with very little shaking. But Darby found that getting to the top of a high wall with a sack of apples on his back was a very different thing from climbing it with an empty sack on his shoulders.

He found a ladder after a while, and set it against the wall. 'Now,' said he, 'I can climb the ladder with my sack; then I can rest it on the wall, and kick the ladder away, so that no one will think anybody has been here. Then I



will throw my sack down on the other side, jump down myself, and get away safely.'

Just as he was climbing the ladder, the watch-dog came and seized him by the coat tail, and held him fast. He struggled to escape, and in doing so knocked down the ladder. He lost his slippers, and scratched and bruised himself. He held on by the top of the wall until the dog tore out a piece of his coat-tail and loosed his hold. Darby then made a desperate spring, and fell, with the sack of apples, on the other side of the wall.

The dog barked and awoke his master, who, coming to see what was the matter, found the fallen ladder, the lost slippers, and part of a coat. He thought at once that some thief had been either robbing the orchard, or trying to break into the house. In the morning he went to seek the thief.

Now, Darby had been seen in a coat very much like the torn piece of cloth. The police therefore went to his house almost at once. And there, sure enough, they found a torn coat. It was clear that the tail found in the orchard had been torn from his coat. The slippers fitted his feet, and his legs and feet were scratched with his struggles on the wall. Searching still further, the sack of apples was found, and Darby was marched off to prison for stealing.

The day of trial came; poor Darby confessed his sin, and begged for mercy. He offered to pay for the apples twice over; but he was sent to prison. There he had time to think about his folly, and to call to mind that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' He had tried to make the way easy, but had failed, as will all who tread in his steps.

58. FREDDY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

as-ton-ished, surprised	**men-tion,** name, speak of
con-sist-ed, was made up	**ner-vous,** frightened
con-versed, talked	**rud-dy,** reddish
in-struc-tion, lessons	**trudged,** walked
in-tel-li-gent, well informed	**us-u-al,** common

cur-ly	**pleas-ant**	**re-ceiv-ing**	**scarce-ly**
ex-am-ined	**o-pin-ion**	**re-lief**	**schol-ar**

Freddy White was a fine little fellow about nine years of age, with fair curly hair and bright blue eyes. His face was ruddy, the very picture of health, and his pleasant, cheerful smile made you love the boy in a moment. His father and mother were very fond and proud of him, for he was their only boy; in fact, their only child. He was not spoilt for all that; his parents had too much good sense, besides which, Freddy was not a milk-and-water sort of a boy, but a brave, manly little fellow.

Mr. White was in a good position in life, and could have well afforded to send his boy away to school; but as he wished to have his son near home, he sent him to a day school close by. It was a great event in Freddy's life when he first went to this school. Up to this time he had been receiving instruction from his mother, who was a clever, well-read woman.

It was thought, however, that he had better go to a proper school and mix with older boys. So Freddy bid good-bye to his little schoolroom at home, and was taken by his father one Monday morning to the large public school.

When Mr. White and his little boy arrived, the school had just begun the lessons of the day. Freddy looked round in wonder; he thought all the boys in the world must be there surely. He had never before seen so large a gathering of them; and all were so busy at work, too. Although there were six or seven classes in the room, everything was going on so orderly and quietly that the master conversed with the new comers with the greatest ease. In some schools they would scarcely have been able to hear themselves.

Mr. White entered his son as a scholar, and told the master a few things about Freddy, which it is not necessary to mention here. He then took his leave, telling his son to be a good boy, to be diligent and attentive to his lessons.

The master examined Freddy, and was much astonished to find him so well advanced for his age. He answered smartly, and appeared a quick and intelligent child. However, as he was very young, and had learnt scarcely anything besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, he was placed in one of the lowest classes of the school.

The class in which Freddy was placed consisted of about thirty boys, most of whom were older than he. The teacher was a youth of about eighteen, who took great pains with his class, and was never weary of assisting his boys to get on. According to the usual custom, Freddy, being a new comer, was placed at the bottom of the class.

Everything our little friend saw and heard was new to him. To be among so many boys at first made him rather timid and nervous. It was only towards the close of the morning that

his teacher could get him to take part in the lessons at all.

Some of the boys were rather inclined to tease him. One asked him if he wore his mother's curls; another, how long he had left off wearing frocks; while a third tried to pinch him when the teacher's back was turned. He took all this in good part, and showed such a cheerful face, that by the end of the morning he had won the good opinion of his little classmates.

It was a great relief to Freddy when the morning's lessons were over and the school dismissed for dinner. The master patted him on the head, told him to be of good courage, and that in a few days he would be all right and settled down at school.

Of course, he had a long tale to tell his mother about the wonderful things of his new school. He talked about Latin, and history, and geology, which the older boys were learning, as though they had been studies of his own. His mother was much pleased to see that he had made up his mind to like the school, and was already taking an interest in it.

Dinner over, he trudged back to school in capital spirits, and even joined in the games that were going on in the playground just before afternoon school. The boys did not attempt to tease him this time. Two or three of them even made friends of him, and promised to help him at any time.

The afternoon passed away more pleasantly than the morning. Freddy took his share in the lessons, and did so well that his teacher said he was a boy of great promise, and that if he was diligent he would soon be moved into a

higher class. A great source of delight to Freddy was the singing lesson, which was given that afternoon. He had a sweet voice, and a very good ear for music, and the little songs which the boys sung rang in his ears for many days; we may say *nights* too, for a few nights afterwards, as his mother looked into his room, she heard him singing in his sleep—yes, in his sleep. And so passed Freddy's first day at school.

59. THE EVENING BELLS.

bards, singers
chime, music of bells
dells, vales
ex-cels, is much better
peals, set of bells in tune
tomb, grave

earth-ly **heav-en-ly** **joy-ous** **mu-sic** **re-joice** **tune-ful**

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous tones have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the silent tomb now dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

They hear no more an earthly voice,
But still in heavenly songs rejoice,
In songs whose music far excels
Your richest notes, sweet evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
Your tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

MOORE.

60. HIDDEN TREASURE.

brace-lets, ornaments for the wrist
deeds, writings
fore-fa-thers, ancestors, people who lived long before us
high-way-men, robbers
pre-cious, valuable
re-vealed, showed
safes, boxes or chests for storing valuables
trin-kets, ornaments

brooch-es	**dis-ease**	**pass-en-gers**	**thieves**
build-ings	**found-a-tions**	**po-lice-men**	**treas-ures**
coach-es	**or-na-ments**	**search**	**val-u-a-bles**

Perhaps next to getting money and other wealth, the most difficult thing is to take care of it. A great many people spend it pretty much as it comes, so *they* have no need to trouble themselves about where to keep it. Many others have so very little of it, that the idea of keeping it never troubles them.

Still, many people have **treasures** which they wish to keep, and to put in some place or other to be safe. So we have banks, **safes**, strong rooms, and iron chests for this purpose. Here we can lock up our money, or our deeds, or any other valuables, and feel sure that fire cannot burn them, and that thieves cannot steal them.

This was not always the case. Our forefathers were never safe. They might earn money or obtain other treasure, but they had to hide it, or it would be stolen. Highwaymen rode about the country, stopping coaches and robbing the passengers. Thieves, with blackened faces, and old coats and hats, would break into houses, bind the people with ropes, and then carry off all they could find.



In those days when there were no banks and few policemen, those who had money, or gold and silver ornaments, used to hide them in the earth. They would pack up their silver spoons, gold rings, bracelets, and brooches in a strong box. They dug a hole in the earth near some tree or bush, and buried the box when no one saw them.

Sometimes a thief would watch the man hide his treasure, and as soon as he was gone would steal it, and perhaps leave a large stone instead of the box. Sometimes war would break out, and the owner would be killed, or die of disease. His friends then would not know where to find the treasure.

We often read of treasure being found under the foundations of old buildings. Gold and silver coins are sometimes picked up in fields and gardens, that have been hidden for hundreds of years.

Not many years ago, a gentleman bought a very old house in Cornwall. The walls were exceedingly thick. One day his little boy knocked out a piece of the wall in an empty room. This revealed that the wall was hollow. Upon making the search, it was found that there were two walls, an inner and an outer, and that between the two was a large space filled up with boxes and trunks.

Those boxes and trunks were found to be full of coins, precious stones, trinkets, papers, and other treasures. The value of the whole was very great. As no one came forth to claim them, after a while the owner of the house sold them, and placed the money to his own account in the bank.

61. FREDDY'S NEW WATCH.

an-nounc-ing, telling
as-sem-bled, brought together
cal-cu-late, reckon
de-clared, said
ju-ni-or, younger
mo-tive, reason
ob-tained, got
pro-mo-ted, advanced, moved higher
quar-ter, three months
vol-umes, books

cer-tain	**fa-vour-ite**	**par-tic-u-lar**	**ques-tion**
dil-i-gence	**heart-i-ly**	**pro-gress**	**waist-coat**

A year passed away, during which Freddy had made good progress at school. He had been moved into a higher class each half-year, and was bidding fair to become in time the head boy of the school. He was a general favourite among the boys, besides gaining the respect of the master and junior teachers. He was good at lessons, and good at play. In school, he gave his best attention to the work before him; at play, he entered heartily into all the games.

The class in which he was now placed was learning several subjects besides those he had learned when he went first to school. Being very young, perhaps the voungest in the class, he found it rather difficult to keep pace with the rest of the boys.

Now, this class consisted of about twenty-four boys; and at the time of our story, Freddy was near the bottom, because he had only just been promoted from the next class. There were two or three clever boys in it, most of them two years older than himself.

One day a gentleman visited this school, and was very much struck with this particular

class. The boys were so smart in their answers, that, before leaving the school, he offered a handsome prize of books to the boy who should be at the head of the class in three months from that time. An examination was to be held in certain subjects, and the boy who obtained the greatest number of marks was to be declared the winner of the prize.

Of course, every boy in the class, for the moment, made up his mind to do his best and carry off the prize at the end of the quarter. It need hardly be said that, before the end of the week even, more than one-half of them had given up the idea altogether.

When Freddy reached home he told his parents about the matter, and asked their advice. There did not seem much hope for him, but his father thought the effort would do him good. So he made up his mind to try for the prize.

His father said to him, 'If you really do get the prize, I will add to it, as a reward, a nice little silver watch. But if you are not successful, you will still have a greater prize than many silver watches in the knowledge you get.'

The weeks passed on; Freddy was only one of several working for the prize. He had, however, an extra motive for working hard. He sometimes thought he could almost hear a little watch ticking in his little waistcoat pocket, and saying, 'Work on, Freddy; work on, Freddy, and get the prize.'

The day of examination came at last, when about a dozen boys sent in their names. The questions were hard enough to show which of the boys knew the most about the subjects. In two or three days after this, the master assembled

the school, and said, 'I have great pleasure in announcing that the prize has been won, and well won, by Freddy White. I am all the more pleased because he is the youngest boy who tried, and I am sure the gentleman who gives the prize will be pleased too.'

The books given for the prize were four or five large, well-bound volumes, almost as much as Freddy could carry home. The boys cheered him as he passed up to receive them, and about twenty of them offered to carry the books home for him.

Surely this was the happiest day of his life! He had won *three* prizes,—the books, the watch, and the position as head of his class. On his way home he began to calculate how long it would take his father to get the watch, now that he could claim it. Oh, how long the days or hours would seem until he should actually have the precious little thing handed to him!

But a new surprise was in store for him. As soon as his father heard the result of the examination, and saw the books, he pulled out of his pocket the most beautiful little silver watch you ever saw, and gave it to his son. He said, 'No doubt, Freddy, you are surprised to see that I had provided the watch even before I knew you won the prize; but I had decided to give it you in any case. I have marked your diligence during the last three months, and have been most pleased with it; and whether you got the school prize or not, I felt you *deserved* one. Be as persevering and diligent in all matters as you have been in this, and many prizes will fall to your lot during life.' And this was how Freddy got his first new watch.

62. THE PET LAMB.

be-like, very likely
board, food
co-vert, hiding-place
dam-sel, girl
ere, before
es-pied, saw
kine, cows
maid-en, girl
peers, equals
re-traced, went over again
teth-ered, tied by a rope
un-ob-served, not seen

draughts **plough** **shad-y** **whith-er**
pleas-ure **scarce-ly** **tongue** **wool-len**

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice, it said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep, nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tether'd to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seem'd to feast with head and ears, and his tail with pleasure shook:
'Drink, pretty creature, drink!' she said in such a tone
That almost I received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair;
Now with her empty can the maiden turn'd away,
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she look'd, and from that shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:

'What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

'What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? and beautiful thou art!
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears.

'If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain;
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms!—the like thou need'st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

'Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

'He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee!—then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

'Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is, and new.

'Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the plough!
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

'It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

'Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

'Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep, and at break of day I will come to thee again.'

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seem'd, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again and once again did I repeat the song;
'Nay,' said I, 'more than half to the damsel must belong!—
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That almost I received her heart into my own.'

WORDSWORTH.

63. ABSENCE OF MIND.

in-tent-ly, earnestly
ob-served, seen
phil-os-o-pher, wise man
re-quest-ed, asked

break-fast **dis-turbed** **pres-ence** **spec-tac-les**

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton came home one very cold evening in winter almost starved through. He placed himself before a large fire that had been lighted in his study, and after a time got thoroughly warmed. He then rang for his servant, and requested him to take away the fire at once, as it was almost roasting him. The man did not understand at first what his master meant. 'Remove the grate, you lazy rascal,' said the philosopher; 'remove the grate before I am burnt to death!' 'But cannot you draw back your chair?' said the servant. 'Upon

my word,' said his master with a smile, 'I never thought of that.'

Another story of the same great man is told. His servant came into his room one morning to boil an egg for breakfast. Sir Isaac, who did not wish to be disturbed, took the egg, asked how long it should be boiled, and said he would see to it himself. The servant, coming into the room about half an hour afterwards, found his master standing over the fireplace with the egg in his hand, looking intently at it. *He had put his watch into the saucepan on the fire.*

Another great man, whose name we will not mention, returned home one very wet and stormy night. His umbrella was wet through, but instead of putting it into the stand, he took it into his bed-room and put it carefully into bed, as if it had been a child. He did not find out his mistake until he got into bed himself. The cold, wet umbrella soon made its presence felt, but the great man only said, 'Dear me, I wonder who put that into my bed?'

A clergyman, whose eyesight was beginning to fail, bought a pair of spectacles, and used them for the first time in his church. During the service it was observed that he wore them on the top of his forehead the whole time. At the close a friend said to him, 'I see that you have taken to wearing spectacles, doctor.' 'Yes,' replied the minister; 'I found that I could not get on without them, and I am sorry I did not take to them before.'